THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1796

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JUNE 23 1934

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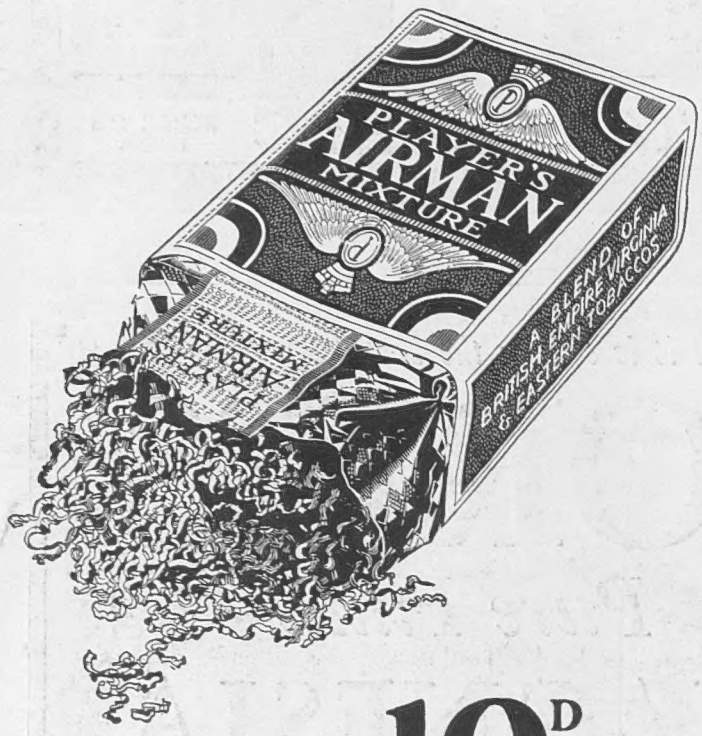

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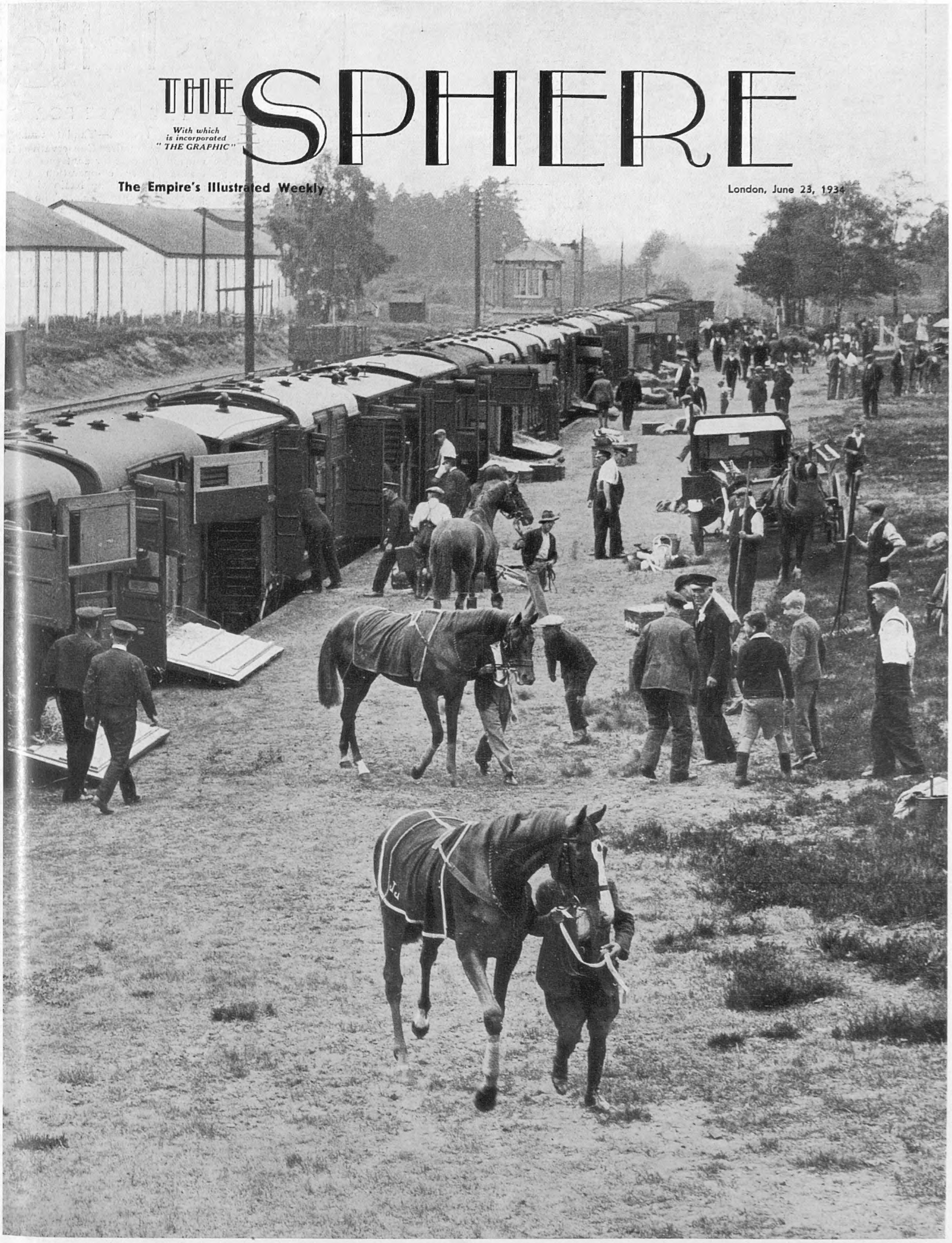
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 23, 1934



ASCOT AWAKES

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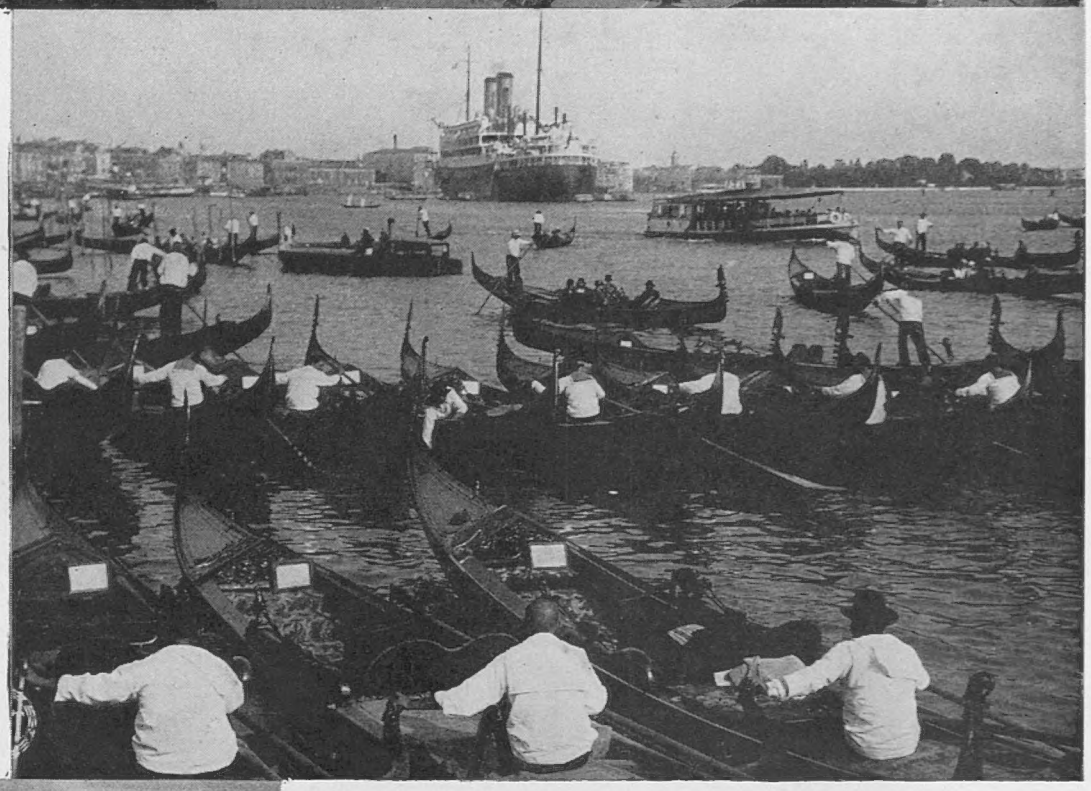

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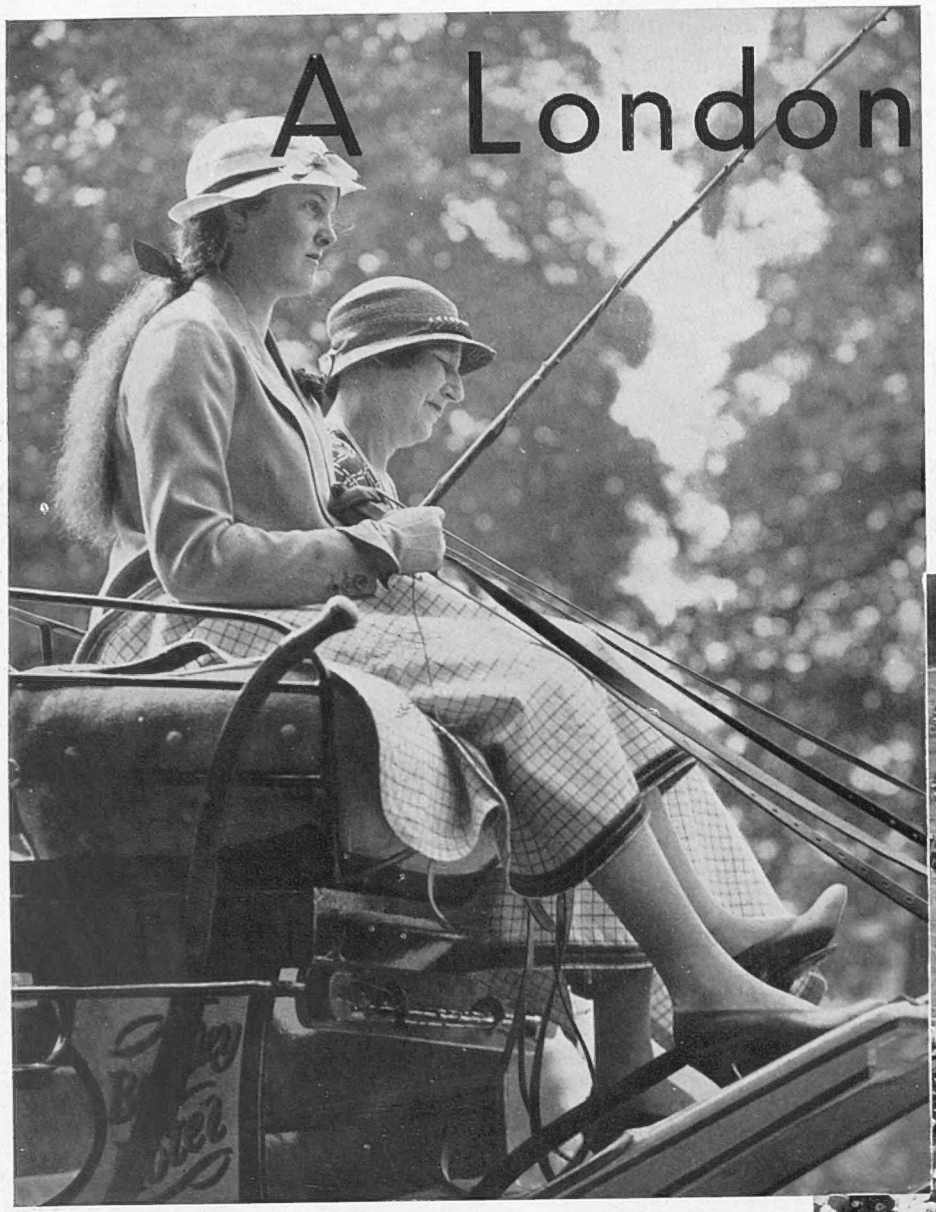
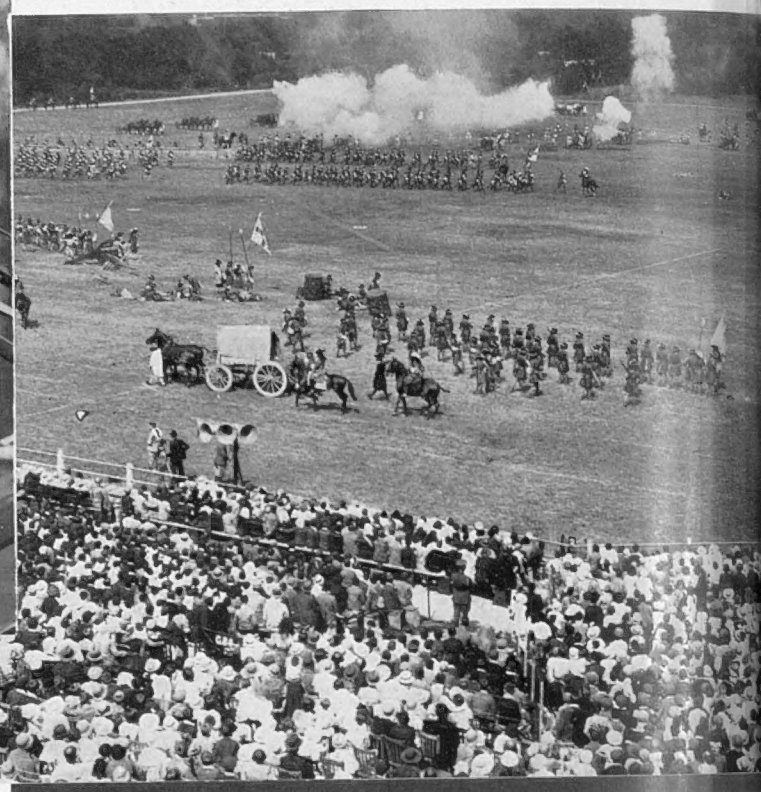
A London Newsletter



A NOTABLE PERFORMANCE: Miss Josephine Colebrook, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. A. J. Colebrook, of Fulmer, who drove her father's team of bays in the class for four-in-hands at Richmond Horse Show. To the delight of the spectators, who had loudly applauded her skilful handling of the reins, the team was awarded first prize



"A RALLY OF EMPIRE": The grand finale with which each performance of the tableau, with the figure of Britannia dominating the immense stage, is army has played in building up the Empire and establishing it as a factor CHILDREN'S DAY AT RUSHMOOR: Thirty-one special trains and hundreds and girls to see the full-dress rehearsal of the Tattoo. This picture shows incident in the scene depicting the siege of Namur

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 20, 1934.

THE INCIDENT IS CLOSED.

—The House had one or two lively debates last week, though the subject matters, which entered the mincing machine as serious pigs emerged as trivial sausages. It is a general principle of the House that a member who admits his error and eats humble pie, is generously treated and benignly pardoned. Mr. Churchill, that old favourite, rejected the nasty pie and continued his methods of aggression, and the House accordingly punished him with the chief weapons in its armoury, laughter and a rather personal and crude wit, which gave some scope to Mr. Amery and Sir John Simon, who quoted Mr. Churchill and his books against himself with telling effect. Lord Hugh Cecil raised the tone of the debate and made it clear that whatever reputation might be spotted by the incident, the White Paper remained white. And so that incident closed in laughter—and bathos. It was a confusion of two issues which lent gravity to the beginning of the debate on the Olympia Fascist meeting. Sir John Gilmour soon made it clear in his speech that this bearfight, while it suggested the possibility of bigger questions, was not in itself of sufficient importance for immediate action. Refusing to be drawn into the larger issue—the formation of private political "armies," the wearing of political uniforms, the menace to freedom of speech—Sir John incidentally made it clear that the rights of the police to "step inside" such meetings without invitation—to gate-crash in short—were more clearly defined than the public knew. The matter thereupon dropped.

THE GERMAN DEFAULT.

—And lastly the German default. The British Government, some time ago, in the endeavour to ward off an unpleasant fact which it clearly foresaw, announced that it would take a "grave view" if Germany failed to meet her obligations on the Dawes, Young, and other foreign loans. That default—in the form of a six months' moratorium as a start—has now been announced in terms as defiant as unequivocal by Dr. Schacht of the Reichsbank. There is £30,000,000 of British money involved; and the Potash Loan also was warmly recommended to widows and orphans by the pundits of Stockbrokershire. On Friday therefore, Mr. Chamberlain was called on to announce how the British Government design to implement its "grave view" threat. He boldly declared that as promised, the British Government were taking a grave view, and there, I am bound to say, it might have been well if he could have "let the matter drop." For in the matter of an Anglo-German Clearing-house, the British Empire is not in the same position as France, Holland, Belgium. If in England the trade balance with Germany is in our favour, it is very much the other way with components of the Empire and already Germany has replied to our threat of retaliation by counter threats directed at this weakness. It is one of those situations in which it is only possible to take a grave view.

ACCORDING TO PLAN.

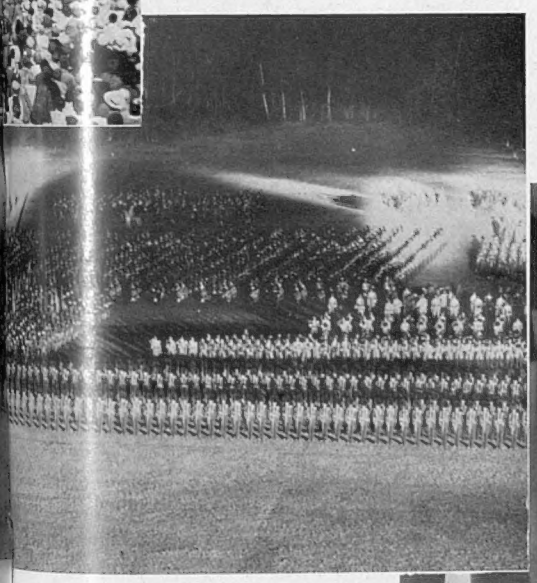
—The debt negotiations with America proceed in the leisurely fashion which ten years of masterly inactivity has familiarized. The President of the United States to-day is a far braver man than any of his immediate predecessors, and a far stronger. But even his courage and his strength and foresight have not succeeded hitherto in achieving a national policy on the question. Still he must bend one ear to the voice of common sense, and the other to the loud voice of American intransigence. Still he must whisper the truth through the diplomatic channels, and roar the impossible from the domestic loud-speaker. He must be lion and sucking-dove, until the lesson of the years is learned at last in the backwoods and prairies. So one more step in the endless negotiation is made. The proposal for a modified and final payment in kind is put forward as a brain-wave, as novel as it is promising. Through diplomatic channels it has been thrashed out for years; for the American nation it must come in the guise of a fresh suggestion. There is nothing to disconcert us in the expressions of pain and disappointment in the latest American Note. These expressions are for domestic consumption. The British Government (and now Nation) take them with an accompanying pinch of salt. The two Governments are at one in realizing that the full amount of the debt will never be paid; that it would be economically disastrous to America if it could be and was paid; that unless the miracle of a complete balancing of all War debts, owed and owing, was brought about by a magician's wand, even a 50 per cent. settlement of the residue of the British debt to America would be impossible. No doubt, ultimately, the long-drawn-out business will be settled on terms of payment in kind spread over a long period, and totalling in value something between 25 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the actuarial value of the debt still due, always provided a way can be found of "sending coals to Newcastle" mutually beneficial to both parties. But the longer the farce is played the harder will be America's struggle with her economic rehabilitation.

THE CASE FOR CO-OPERATION.

—The latest manifesto signed by a hundred Conservative M.P.'s putting the case for continued and continuous party co-operation and the strengthening of the National spirit in politics is unanswerable. The growing contempt for party tactics is the prime cause of the generally accepted loss of respect for Parliament. This manifesto requires above all to be studied and appreciated by local Conservative associations. The selfishness and myopia of some of these bodies are the worst enemy of National Government and political stability, and incidentally are doing good service to the Liberal cause. In the day of party politics, the ideal of Liberalism was a fine one and had my support. To-day there is nothing vital, nothing on which in the exigencies of the hour a compromise is not called for, between Conservative, Liberal, and old-fashioned Socialist. We have had decades of legislation taken straight out of the agenda of sober Socialism and we have had nothing whatever from more retrograde programmes. Ranged against solid progress on these democratic principles stand the forces of revolution, the iconoclasts of a perfectly workable democratic constitution and still sound and effective institutions. Numerically small still, these opposing forces are growing in strength, as their plans are increasing in heady exuberance and intemperance. Faced by a solid rank of the great majority of sane-thinking voters, these forces of disorder

must in our time remain but impotent guerilla bands, and the progress of economic revival must remain politically assured. Small wonder then if it break one's heart to observe in the constituencies an increasing *nostalgie de la boue*, a revival of that anxiety not to lose a move in the party game, a looking ahead to the return of the defunct game of parties, which results in the splitting of the vote of sanity and patriotism. The most dangerous menace in the country to-day is not the Communist or the Fascist, but the blind and crusty Tory of the old school; and only slightly less dangerous is the weakness of some of the members of the present government who still cannot forget that they themselves once played with zest the party game, and still discreetly smile on the old tactics in the constituencies.

ASCOT.—In spite of the drought, in spite of a ring of blackened heaths and lawns sere and yellow as in August, the team that works under Sir Gordon Carter have all set for beauty and business as usual at the great garden-party race meeting. It will be rhododendrons all the way, reinforced with imported and carefully-nursed hydrangeas, geraniums, nasturtiums, and roses. The turf on the course looks thick, green, and lush, and will be far easier than Epsom Downs. There is nothing "garden-party" about the racing at Ascot—it is, indeed, the finest racing in the world. Nearly £50,000 falls to be divided among the flower of British bloodstock, and all the great names of the day are represented in the lists. Royal Ascot is a little less select than it was in my youth; it is also infinitely less dusty, quite as smart, quite as amusing, and a deal less fatiguing to all concerned. The proximity of the course to Windsor made Ascot the tremendous social function it is. For much more than a hundred years Royalty has driven from the Castle to the course, and given to Ascot its seal embossed with the Royal arms. One hundred and six years ago it was George IV who "drove up the course, with little George of Cumberland by his side, with seven carriages and thirty-one outriders, besides footmen . . . ." Nor in those days did Royalty provide the sole professional splendours. Lord Sefton's party came from Stoke Farm in four gorgeous carriages similarly turned out and with the Molyneux liveries, and all the Corinthians, such as George Payne, drove four-in-hands, and the guests arrived at last *non sine pulvere* (translated "white as millers with the dust"). So indeed did I on my first visit to Ascot. But road-dust barely survived the nineteenth century.



Aldershot Tattoo closes. This symbolic design to show the part which the Air Force play in the civilized world. *Top*—Part of the motor coaches brought 69,000 boys to see the enthusiastic audience watching an incident in 1695

THE GREAT BED'S SECRETS.—When we National Art collectors bought the great bed of Ware, which is now in Room 54, Victoria and Albert Museum (q.v.), we thought we were buying a monster Elizabethan bed which had been the subject of the music hall type of jest for 400 years. We knew that it was carved with quaint figures and grotesque forms and we were enchanted to make safe for the nation a piece of homely furniture which is the "authentic original" of a dozen allusions in our classic literature from Shakespeare onwards. But we knew not we were buying an illuminated missal. We always regard grime as an enemy, yet year after year the artistic world has good cause to bless this enemy of the doctor and the housewife. I am sure we wash too much, use far too much soap. Grime preserves, soap over-used obliterates. Grime has preserved and soap has now revealed on the woodwork of the bed of Ware a polychrome decoration of the figures as bright and gay and crude as when the colours were laid on 400 years ago. The fashion of cutting your initials on other people's property was very rife in England in the seventeenth century. Three gentlemen, who perhaps saw Shakespeare acting, chose to cut their initials on the navels of the three chief painted ladies on the bed-head. Painted furniture is no new fashion, but examples of the fashion in Elizabethan days are all too rare.

RESTRAINT—All my life I have resisted the temptation to "write to *The Times* about it." In part no doubt this restraint is due to the fact that I have professionally many opportunities for self expression. But in part it must positively be chalked up to my credit. The temptation, of course, is strongest among men newly "gone rustic" to join the symposium about the first appearance of migrants, the blight on orchards, the water shortage, or the tonnage per square yard of cloud-bursts, but experiences with road-hogs and confidence men run country life close. Semper ego auditor tantum? Must I for ever keep silence? May I not now at this late stage give a resumé of the spring records I could have contributed to the symposia? How I heard the chiff-chaff on March 29—how notable has been the drought—how early appeared the sulphur butterfly—how seven three-headed pink tulips bloomed perfectly among my bed of a hundred tulips—how many brace of queen wasps I have killed on my cotoneaster—and how I am no stranger to cow parsley, nor to laburnum crossed with broom, blooming yellow, pink, and mauve on one stem.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—JUNE 18.—The fourth Duke of Wellington, K.G., Prince of Waterloo, Duke of Victoria, Duke of Cuidad Rodriquez, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Earl of Mornington, etc., etc., died at the age of eighty-five on June 18, the anniversary of his famous grandfather's most famous victory. The little flag, emblem of his tenure of the lands of Strathfieldsaye, was delivered as usual at Windsor, but for once not in person. He and his brother, the third duke, were sons of Lord Charles, the Iron Duke's second son, who won Creevey's heart during a visit which the latter paid to Windsor in 1833. "The image of his father in voice and manner, and better behaved and *heartier* boys I never met." Thus Creevey on Lord Charles and a brother officer. The fourth Duke will be greatly mourned in Hampshire where he performed any amount of inconspicuous public work right up to the end of his useful life, as Vice-Lieutenant of Hampshire, as County Alderman, and for years as Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He married a Miss Williams, as did his brother, the third duke, and he survived his wife by seven years. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Douro, who for some years has lived at Strathfieldsaye. He himself lived for the most part at Ewhurst, near Basingstoke and came up occasionally to Apsley House ("No. 1, London"). Most of the great rooms in Apsley House have been long in dust sheets, and its fate, like that of its opposite number, St. George's, may now be in the balance. I hope not.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LARWOOD.—The Powers that be decided that on the whole it would pay them better not to allow the body-line controversy to sleep. In spite of the fair promise shown by that gloriously sporting first test—proving that cricket, however exalted, if left to itself and left as a game, is still a great game—an immense amount of newspaper publicity has been accorded to Larwood. What is the truth about Larwood? He is a young man, still in the twenties, with the ordinary education and ability of his kind, who developed a remarkable proficiency in a ball game entitling him to be described as one of the best fast bowlers seen since the War, and justifying him in adopting professional cricket as a means of livelihood. If his abilities had entitled him to hope for marked success in some more serious and useful career, he would no doubt have chosen it and treated cricket as a Saturday afternoon's recreation. But being an ordinary young man he chose the pleasant and easy way of securing an open-air life and a means of livelihood and became a paid games player. It is a pity that games should be commercialized at all, that any person should be paid in connection with games playing, unless it be groundsmen and coaches. But so it is. Larwood is a paid games player and a proficient one. But he still remains a perfectly commonplace young man, one of a million of his kind who, if unjustifiably flattered and deferred to and talked about and written up by persons of better education (who ought to know better), is liable to lose his head and his sense of proportion and his scale of values and even his sense of humour (if any), and to come to regard himself as something that really matters. Those who are using him and those who are taking him and cricket too seriously are trying to persuade him that he has some political significance. *Quelle idée!* Has our civilization reached to a level quite so low as that? Let those who in a mad world are lucky enough to be paid to play a game, play the game. It is a splendid game and, as a game, worth discussing very seriously. Larwood showed last week against Lancashire what a fine sportsman and what a master of glorious cricket he is.

THE OLD STAGER

A HEAT-WAVE CAMEO

These youngsters, in common with their elders, found that an open-air swimming pool was the coolest place in which to spend the week-end, and that a bathing dress was the only comfortable attire

HOME

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE FLYING CLUB DISPLAY AT HATFIELD: Prince George (second from right) watching an exhibition of stunt flying. On his right is Mr. Reginald Brittain, chairman of the club committee

THE KING CHAT
during the visit
Castle last Sun
hands with each
numerous snap
The party was

PREPARING FOR THE ANNUAL BARGE RACE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: The hull of the *Veronica* receiving a coat of paint in Messrs. Everard's yard at Greenhithe. The hulls are scraped, painted, and even black-leaded to add to their speed. Last year's race was, unfortunately, marred by an almost total absence of wind

ROYAL ASCOT:
meeting. Rain

NEWS

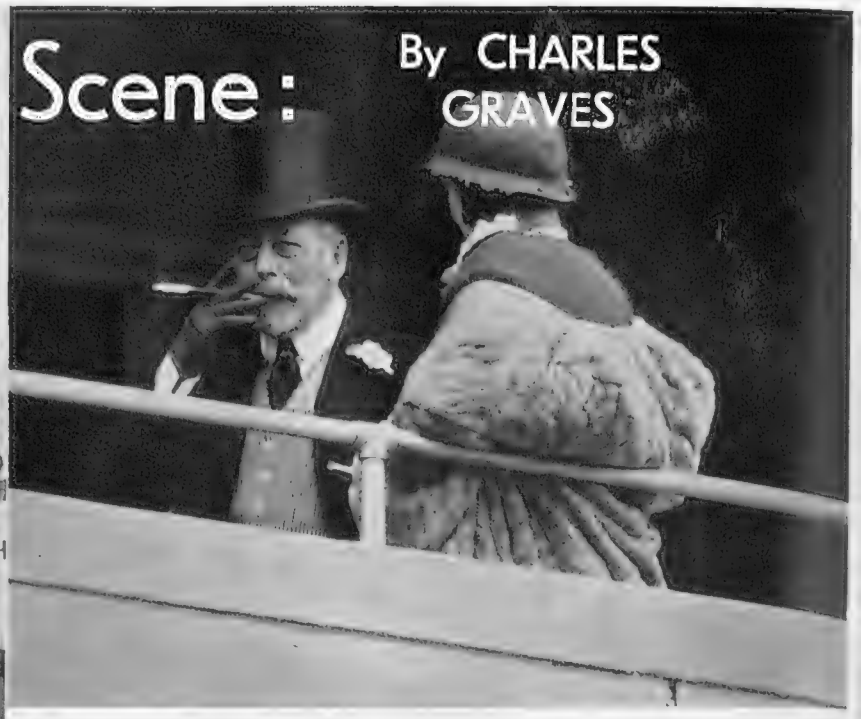
WITH W. M. WOODFULL
e Australian team to Windsor
The King and Queen shook
he players, and posed for
s in the Grand Quadrangle.
wards shown round the State
riments

HIS JUST REWARD: Jordan, who has recently been brought back to England after working for fifteen years in an Egyptian salt mine, is parading at the International Horse Show with other veteran chargers of the Great War. Judging by his scars he has been cruelly used, but his troubles are now over for ever, as he has been pensioned off and is now being cared for by Mr. and Mrs. George Bryant of Leamington

scene in the paddock on the opening day of the
just before the third race, when there was a general rush for shelter

A CHAT WITH FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURS: Another special "Sphere" picture of Jordan at his new home near Leamington. He is only one of hundreds of horses who have been rescued after years of ill-treatment at the hands of unscrupulous Egyptian owners

The London Scene: By CHARLES GRAVES



THE PILLAR AROUND WHICH THE SEASON REVOLVES: The King in smiling mood at Epsom, where he attended both the Derby and the Oaks

HIGH STEPPERS: A fine action picture of one of the four-in-hands which took part in the competition for the best turned-out team at the Ranelagh Club's Annual Horse and Polo Pony Show

THE OUTSTANDING DÉBUTANTE OF 1930: Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who was presented at the Third Court of the Season by Mrs. Bingham, wife of the American Ambassador. This is the second time she has been presented

ANOTHER LONDON SEASON is climbing elegantly to its zenith. And once again we survey the field through our social microscope.

Fortunately the present season has altered a good deal from the run of its immediate predecessors. To begin with, there have been many more balls. One mother tells me that her girl has already been to sixty. She looked it. So did the chaperone, although chaperones have been very idle this year.

One of the chief features of the season has undoubtedly been the return of the popularity of the private house for the private dance. The day of the hotel, except for charity balls, seems to be on the wane. In private houses, however, I must include Sunderland House, at which an extraordinary number of big dances have been given. It was real genius on the part of Arundell Clarke, the Bruton Street decorator, to realise the possibilities of what had for years been the Duke of Marlborough's white elephant in Curzon Street.

The average débutante has been there so often already this season that even if the lights fused she would be able to make her way unerringly to the supper room through the darkened house. The Tweeddales, the Inchcapes, Lady Winifred Renshawe, and Mrs. Livingstone Learmonth, are among the thirty-five hosts and hostesses who have already given dances there or are doing so during the season. There have been dozens of wedding receptions too.

AS TO the débutantes, they are younger and smaller than they have ever been. Perhaps that is because they were born in 1916 or 1917. Their fondness for rhythm can perhaps be traced to the reign of the Bing Boys at their birth. The most publicized has been Lady Patricia Mackay, with Miss Susan Henderson as a close second. But I should say that Miss Patricia Berry is the most attractive.

As to supper at private dances, this has improved immensely. Those cold jellied quails of the 'twenties are, thank goodness, seldom seen to-day. What has sprung into fashion is the dinner party before the dance. There always used to be a few. To-day there are dozens, both in restaurants and private houses, for each of them. The trouble from the point of view of the hostess is that the most desirable young men always seem to be booked up weeks in advance. There is this consolation though. For the first time for years there are as many débutants as débutantes, and in a very short time the ranks of the stag line will be supplemented by the undergraduates of Christchurch and Magdalen, and to a lesser degree of Trinity College, Cambridge. For Term will soon be over.

Incidentally, looking at the dresses at a big dance the other night, it seemed that débutantes have gone back to white again, whereas the married women are wearing particularly attractive off shades of green and blue. But it is the débutantes and not the young marrieds who are once again the centre of the season.

For those who go to the play there is a particularly good selection of shows this season: *Conversation Piece*, with Pierre Frenaye and Yvonne Printemps; the good old *Voysey Inheritance;* the deliciously improper *Pursuit of Happiness*; *Biography* (though the first act is slow); and *Sporting Love* at the Gaiety for those who like slapstick. Unfortunately for music lovers, Kreisler made only a solitary appearance. But Horowitz and Tauber and Conchita Supervia and Piatigorsky made up for that.

AMONG the celebrities of the season, Mrs. Charles Sweeny is as pretty as ever, despite her grave illness; Lady Warwick has had a baby and lost some of the family heirlooms; Prince Ali Khan has been in evidence; Lady Charles Cavendish (alas!) has been in Ireland; the Prince of Wales has now got a special table always reserved for him at Quaglino's Grill; Prince George is wearing higher collars at night than ever; Mrs. Henry Talbot, whose husband has brought over the polo American team, wears the best bracelet in Mayfair; Eddie Tatham is still his whimsical self; the Maharajah of Rajpipla is seen on every racecourse; Lord Brecknock favours the Dorchester; the Embassy is as crowded as ever on extension night; the Everard Gateses are back from the United States; the Duke of Beaufort is president of the International Horse Show; Tex Austin wears evening-dress high boots with his dinner jacket, and has reintroduced the Rodeo; Lord Lonsdale is as unchanged as Sir Harry Preston; Quaglino and his brother still say "We are very 'appy to see you"; the Duchess of Sutherland's earrings are as long as ever; Mrs. Dierks is giving more parties than any other American hostess, and was recently honoured by the presence of Royalty; Lord Granard, by succeeding the late Lord Churchill, temporarily caused a lot of cold feet among applicants for Royal enclosure badges; Colonel Billy Bishop, V.C., is making a welcome, though brief, visit from Canada; the Sleepy Baronet is in insurance; and there has been a lot of talk about the pageant of Runnymede and the pageant of Parliament.

To generalize once more, champagne has re-established itself as the supper-time drink, and cocktail parties seem to be going out. This is probably due to the ever-growing popularity of squash racquets among the young men, and of taking their dogs for a walk in the park among the young women. To-day if you are asked to a cocktail party there has to be some kind of added inducement. The cards sent for Mrs. Percival Griffith's cocktail party yesterday (she is the aunt of Lady Carnarvon and Lady Galloway) announced the presence of a fortune-teller. Lady Dalrymple-Champney's invitation (also for yesterday) told of the presence of the string band of His Majesty's Grenadier Guards. Another generality is that the charity gambling parties are also on the decline. This is largely due to the discovery that a number of sharpers were practising at these affairs. But perhaps the less said about that the better.

BUT WHAT remains of the season? There is Wimbledon, in which, it is hoped, Fred Perry will be a starter. There is Goodwood, which, as I write, will need a power of rain in the next few weeks if the fields are not going to be sensationally small. Harrow will once again try to undo Eton—and presumably come undone itself in the process.

Meantime there are the exhibitions of Edouard Vuillard at Tooth's Galleries in the New Bond Street, and of Beltran-Masses, that painter of voluptuous women, in Pall Mall.

For the first time for years no new night clubs have sprung up to catch the greenhorn. London is growing too Georgian, if not Edwardian, to support them. It would be impossible, however, to give anything like an adequate account of the season without some reference to Les Girls. How they have smartened up our young married women! The present edition is twice as pretty as its predecessors. And its technique is said to be flawless.

I have deliberately said nothing about the Test Matches. They are not an integral part of the Season, any more than is Henley or the 'Varsity Match or Speedway racing or the ring—and I don't mean Covent Garden.

Bridge parties are also dying out. Time was when you could play bridge almost any afternoon after luncheon in half-a-dozen different houses. No, contract is a child of the slump, and when prosperity returns it loses favour. Not that Crockford's in its new home in Carlton House Terrace is not a great success, and deservedly. But I think that the poker game has a lot to do with its popularity and smartness. Finally, the pony racing at Northolt has at last caught Mayfair's fancy. It took years of spade work. But now it is the most fashionable rendezvous you can find on Mondays. And for sheer numbers it does better still on Saturdays. Yes, the present Season has altered a good deal, one way and another.

VISIONS IN FLAME-COLOURED CHARMEUSE: Lady Sylvia and Lady Sarah Savile, Miss Molly and Miss Adela Scrope—the four bridesmaids who attended Lady Beatrice Savile on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Ralph Scrope. The bride is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mexborough

TWO DAYS OF THRILLING TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON

England Loses the Wightman Cup by 5 Matches to 2

WITHIN A POINT OF VICTORY: Miss M. C. Scriven (the English holder of the French Championship) leaving the court with Miss Sarah Palfrey (right) who defeated her in a thrilling three-set match. The English girl led by five games to one in the third and last set, and although she reached match point, failed against some inspired play from her opponent

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION IN PLAY: Miss Helen Jacobs who beat Miss Scriven, her conqueror in Paris by 6–1, 6–1, and Miss Dorothy Round by 6–4, 6–4. Her steadiness, and seeming indifference to the heat, made her the most formidable player on either side. Miss Jacobs also won a doubles match in partnership with Miss Palfrey

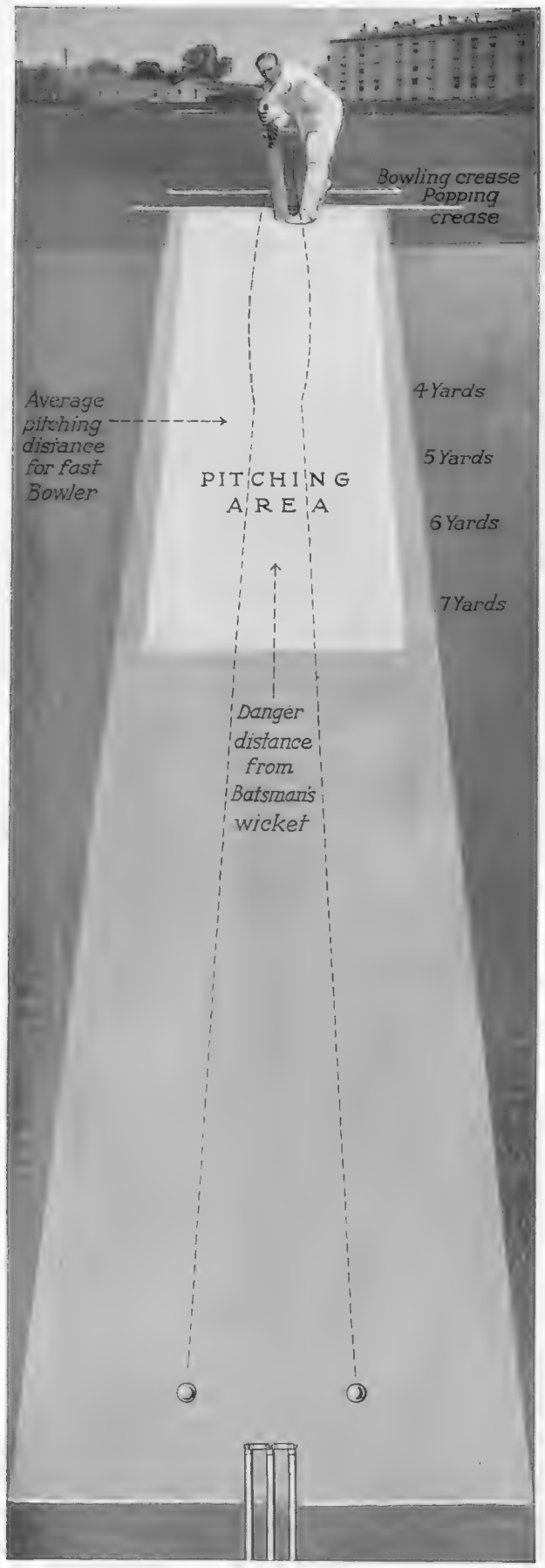
A POWERFUL ATTACK FAILS AGAINST A ROCK-LIKE DEFENCE: Miss Round (left) taking much-needed refreshment after her defeat by Miss Jacobs (right). A feature of the game was the number of lucky net-cord shots by Miss Round

HARD HITTING BETTY: Miss Nuthall, whose form this year has been most encouraging, in play against Miss C. Babcock whom she defeated by 5–7, 6–3, 6–4. This was Britain's only victory in the singles

WELL DONE: Princess Helena Victoria chatting with Miss Helen Jacobs, captain of the United States team, after she had presented her with the flower-filled Wightman Cup

IS IT CRICKET?

A Special Diagram Illustrating the Danger Engendered by Fast Bowlers who Pitch the Ball 6 or 7 Yards from the Crease



Bowling is so very much in the air at present, and there is so much division of opinion as to the precise definition and the propriety of certain types of fast bowling, that we have prepared a simple diagram which may help to elucidate or keep clear in the mind one or two aspects of the question. As modern exponents of the game are very apt to engender heat or a very particularized point of view at the present moment, we have gone back to the description of bowling as given by the famous bowler Tom Richardson in the year 1911. In the course of this examination of the art of bowling he discusses the desirability of bowling "a good length," in other words of hitting a spot a certain distance in front of the wicket. "It is impossible to state exactly what this distance is," he wrote, "as it depends on the pace of the bowler and the nature of the wicket, to say nothing of the height and play of the batsman; but on a fast true wicket the bowler, if he be a fast bowler, should try to pitch the ball about four or five yards from the popping crease, not less. But to bowl, as some men do, about six or seven yards from the crease is to bowl with the idea of hurting, or at least frightening the batsman, which is contrary to the spirit of the game. If the wicket is slow or sticky the ball may be pitched at least a yard farther up, as the rise is more abrupt." The above diagram is of course drawn in very simple form but it will help, we hope, to bring out the point of distance from the wicket as described above by Mr. Richardson

THE BOWLER: Without transgressing the written laws of the game he can still deliver the ball in a way which some critics deem to be an offence against the proprieties of cricket. See diagram on left

KENNETH FARNES: England's best amateur fast bowler, who took ten wickets in the first Test Match. His cleverness in disguising a change of pace makes him difficult to play even on good wickets

WILLIAM VOCE, who with Harold Larwood is the mainstay of the Nottingham attack. He generally bowls over the wicket and relies on swerve to cause the batsman to turn the ball into the hands of a leg-side fieldsmen

The Art of Bowling

Mr. Grimmett declares in his latest book, that "any enthusiastic cricketer can become a good bowler." Well, Mr. Grimmett certainly ought to be listened to, with great respect, when he vouchsafes to tell us anything about this business of bowling the other side out, but one cannot help reflecting that in this particular declaration he has gone wide of his mark. There are hundreds of us, perhaps hundreds of thousands, who will not only never become, but have given up all hope of becoming, good bowlers, though remaining enthusiastic cricketers. Perhaps, however, Mr. Grimmett is thinking of cricketers in the Test match sense of the title, not of the village green genus.

It would all be so delightfully easy, and our youthful ambitions so comfortably realised, if it really were a mere matter of enthusiasm plus application. Unfortunately for us bowlers, and fortunately for those who bat against us, the craft of the bowler requires, in addition to enthusiasm, as large a combination as possible of such additional factors as direction, length, pace (with variation thereof), delivery, action, spin, break, flight, swerve, not to speak of the "luxury" lines, observation, imagination, guile, cricket psychology—a learned word for tactics—and patience under affliction. Perhaps of all these the two most important are length and patience; and the most important of all is unquestionably length.

It may be as well, now that Lord's and other delightful cricket grounds are preparing to receive audiences more social and sociable than expert, to offer to the really uninitiated one or two observations on the difficult job that confronts the bowler.

Know, then, that the bowler does not necessarily aim to hit the wicket every time, nor, nowadays, to hit the batsman's person. As a matter of fact he rarely sees more than two of the three stumps (less, if he is bowling round the wicket, i.e. delivering the ball from the right hand side of the wickets at the bowling end). His aim is to deliver a ball which will make things difficult, in one way or another, for his natural enemy, the opposing batsman.

A "good length" ball pitches within a restricted area so situated in relation to the batsman that it is difficult for him to play anything but a strictly defensive stroke without risking the loss of his wicket and the end of his innings. This area depends for its extent upon such factors as the batsman's reach, the state of the ground (fast or slow), the pace at which the ball is delivered and at which it leaves the ground after pitching, the latter speed being governed to a considerable extent by the amount of "top-spin" imparted to the ball by the bowler's finger-grip and finger-action at the moment of delivery. All very simple and elementary, isn't it? Try it for yourselves and see.

A "leg break" ball turns in from the leg side (i.e. the normal batsman's left) after pitching, and an "off break" of course performs the same trick from the off side (batsman's right). Other varieties of deliveries swerve, dip, shoot, cock up, go away, go with the arm, straighten up, fizz, cut through, creep, and even "sing a song." Some batsmen assert that the ball that has just bowled them has done all these undesirable things.

The "spin" or "break" bowler is he who naturally or artificially contrives to make the ball "break" or turn after pitching; his ideal pitch is a sticky one, neither too fast (dry) nor too hopelessly slow and easy (sodden). He prefers to bowl after the "shine" on the new ball has been taken off by impact of the bat and subsequent more or less violent and extensive contact with the ground. The surface of the ball, thus roughened, affords the spin bowler a better grip and makes the ball "bite" when it pitches, the result being to make the "break" (not to be confused with the motoring term) act more quickly. A "full toss" is a ball that is overpitched to the extent that the bat can contact with it before it pitches or bounces. It is not applauded by the bowler's side. A "yorker" is a yorker: what else can you call it?

Now you know all about bowling and can criticise the Selection Committee in public print, and agree with the lady who, hearing that the English side wanted some new bowlers, remarked that there was a very good hatter's shop in High Street.

P. J.

THE MOST DISCUSSED BOWLER IN THE WORLD: A striking picture of Harold Larwood in action showing the immense energy he puts into the delivery of the ball. It is little wonder that it sometimes bounces head-high

REMBRANDT on the STAGE

Hans Kyser's Unusual Play about the Great Dutch Master, which is Now Being Shown in Berlin

MAID AND MODEL: *Left*—Agnes Straub as Hendrickje Stoffels in Hans Kyser's play, *Rembrandt in Court*, which has been produced with great skill at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. After the death of his wife, who by her inspiration did so much to foster his art, Rembrandt fell in love with Hendrickje and during the years that followed produced many fine portraits of her. The example seen on the right is now in the Louvre

GERDA MAURUS AS SASKIA AND THEODOR LOOS AS REMBRANDT: Another scene from Hans Kyser's new play. Saskia van Uylenborch, a beautiful Frisian girl of noble birth, married Rembrandt in 1634 and until her death was "the centre of his life and art"

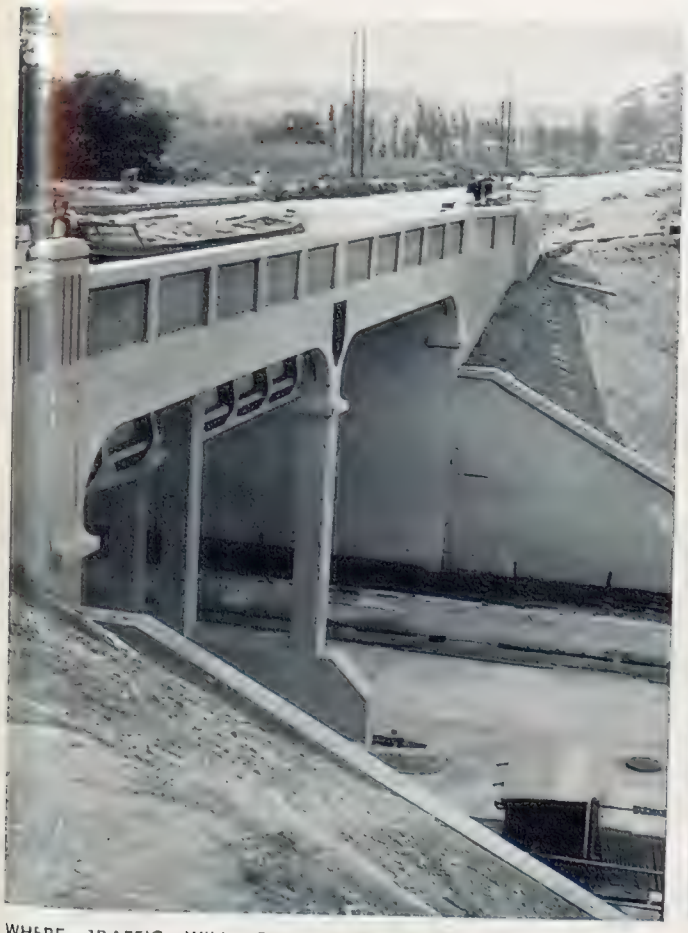
A JOYOUS PAIR: Rembrandt's portrait of Saskia and himself which is at present in the Dresden Art Gallery. Note the somewhat similar pose in the picture on the left

The publication of these pictures is particularly appropriate at the present moment as this week marks the 300th anniversary of the marriage of Rembrandt and Saskia van Uylenborch. Hans Kyser's play is the story of a mad old spinster who is a descendant of Rembrandt and who smarts at the insult inflicted on her race by the court proceedings which made the artist a bankrupt. Accordingly she applies for a re-trial of the case, and we see in the court Rembrandt with many of his contemporaries and Hendrickje, his beloved servant, pleading for him. The whole play is brilliantly conceived and gives the audience an insight into the character of the artist which renders a further study of his work additionally absorbing

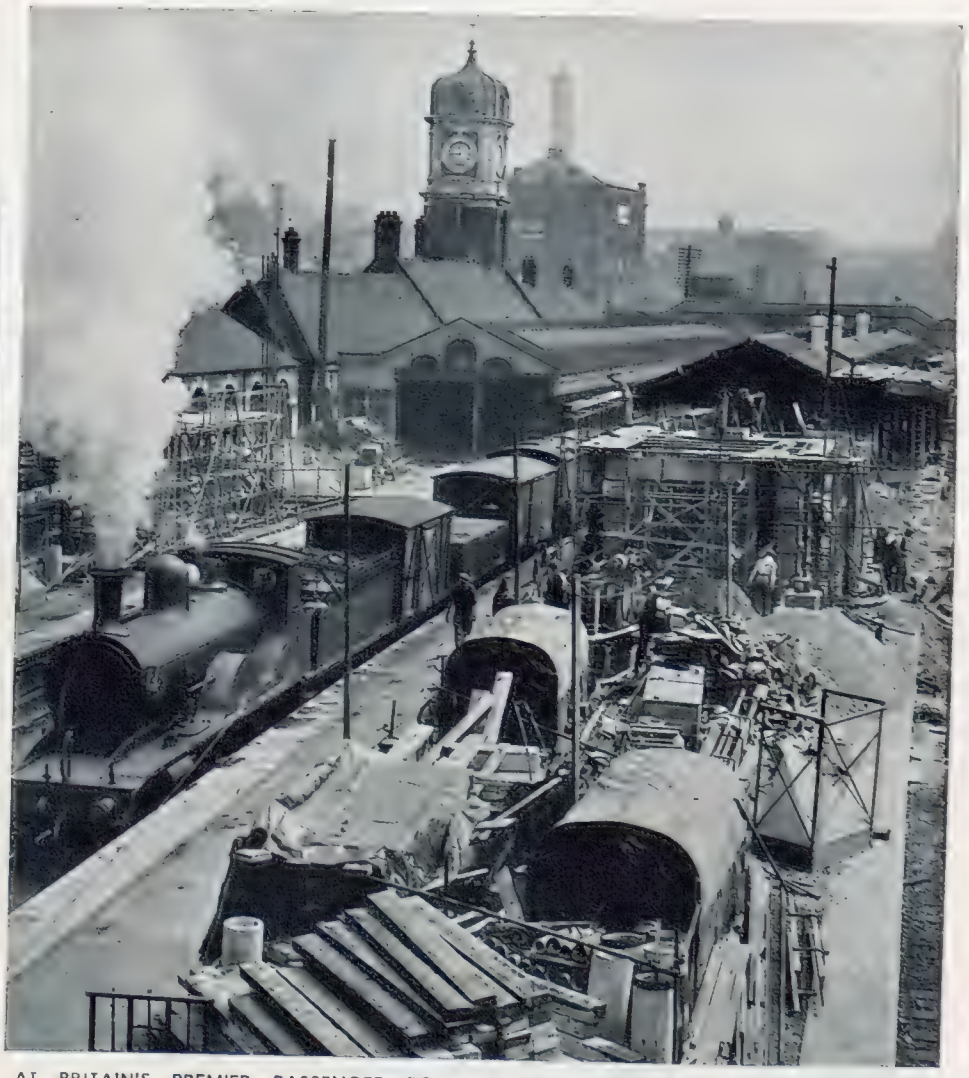
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
C.F.H.

STEAM GIVES PLACE TO ELECTRICITY: Owing to greatly increased traffic, the Southern Railway line between Orpington and Sevenoaks is now being electrified. Three sub-stations, one of which is seen above, are being erected, and Sevenoaks station is to be completely rebuilt

TRANSPORT *Improvements*



WHERE TRAFFIC WILL GO UNDER WATER: The new aqueduct carrying the Grand Union Canal over the North Circular Road at Stonebridge Park, near Wembley. The road will be opened next month



AT BRITAIN'S PREMIER PASSENGER PORT: Alterations are being made to Southampton West station which, when the present work is completed at a cost of £178,000, will have four platforms of 900 ft. Arrangements are also being made for the speeding-up of boat trains

BUILDING A

How Marshal Balbo

LIBYA'S POPULAR GOVERNOR-GENERAL: Marshal Italo Balbo watching a procession of athletes at the Littorio Stadium, Tripoli

ANCHORING THE MOVING SAND-DUNES by planting vegetation to... carried out

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

A MILLION Italian colonists transplanted within the next twenty years to the New Roman Empire which Italy is carving out in North Africa. This is the ambition and the goal of Marshal Italo Balbo, recently-appointed Governor-General of Libya.

Rome is pouring vast sums of money, and enormous energy into the scheme, bringing enterprise and imagination to bear upon the project that is to revive the material wealth and economic power of her ancient Mediterranean Empire. Following the example of the Cæsars, Mussolini has sent one of Italy's ablest and most brilliant sons to North Africa as a twentieth-century successor to the famous Pro-consuls of Roman times. Early this year, the Duce transferred Marshal Balbo from his post as Air Minister in Rome to the task of civil administration in Libya.

Whereas Balbo's immediate predecessors, General de Bono and Marshal Badoglio, were mainly occupied with the work of military pacification following Italy's acquisition of Libya some twenty-four years ago, the new Governor-General is chiefly concerned with the business of colonization.

"I estimate that Tripoli and Cirenaica together will be able to absorb a million Italian colonists within the next twenty years," Balbo told me in Tripoli recently. "When I say a million colonists in twenty years, I mean, of course, as far as possibilities are concerned, but it is largely dependent upon economics. You cannot rush the development of economics. Economics is the one thing in the world that has to take its normal course."

This ambitious plan will call for enormous financial support. The colonies do not begin to pay for themselves. They are far from being anything like self-supporting. Italy is attacking the big problem with optimism and determination, convinced that the next quarter of a century will not only see Libya once more a potential granary for Rome, but an hospitable and attractive colony for a proportion of her surplus population.

"Those colonists who follow after the first million will not cost Italy much," the Marshal declared. Indeed, by that time, he anticipates that agriculture and some industries will be in full swing, with the basis of an export trade firmly established.

Very few people realize the area of the Italian colonies of Tripolitania, and Cirenaica, together called Libya. Tripolitania consists of 347,500 square miles, Cirenaica about 73,000 square miles, but with the hinterland—the zone of Kufra—212,000 square miles, making a total of 559,500 square miles. Egypt, Italy's British neighbour in the East, is 383,000 square miles, and Tunisia, the French possession west of Tripolitania, covers 48,300 square miles.

The portion of North Africa which has reverted to Italy after centuries was in former times the granary for ancient Rome, and at certain periods the reservoir from which she drew considerable man-power for her fighting needs. In those days, cities flourished and the desert bloomed. Roman rule lasted for more than 500 years, gradually weakening as the barbarian invasions at home harassed the capital. Roman North Africa was left more and more to the mercy of the Arabs from the east, who finally, under Sidi Okbar, son-in-law of the Prophet Mohamed, conquered and occupied the territory.

During the next centuries, the Arabs destroyed or allowed to fall into ruins and disrepair all that the Romans had built up. Nature, no longer opposed by man and his works, in time all but obliterated the traces of that fine civilization. What remained of the beautiful cities of Leptis Magna, Oea, and Sabratha in Tripolitania, of Cirene and Barca in Cirenaica, was buried under the shifting sands. Wells were choked, aqueducts, reservoirs, and irrigation works destroyed or rendered useless. Where there had been fruitful olive groves, vineyards, and farmland was arid and inhospitable waste. Unchallenged, the inexorable desert claimed its own. Large forests vanished under Turkish rule, which lasted three hundred years, beginning in the sixteenth century. Remaining scanty vegetation the destructive black goats are alleged to have devoured.

In 1911, Libya saw the end of nearly twelve hundred years of chequered history when Italy declared the two regions to be under her "full and complete sovereignty." That did not necessarily mean control, however. From 1912 until last year, with a short interval during the War, the work of pacification continued. The magnitude of the task can be gauged from the fact that construction of a 12-ft. wide barbed-wire entanglement along the Libyan side of the Egyptian frontier from the Mediterranean to the Oasis of Giarabub, together with concentration camps for the Arabs, was part of this pacification scheme. What it cost Italy in money and in blood to defeat the fanatical Senussi brotherhood of Arabs has never been made known in its fullest details.

Although Tripolitania has been pacified for some years, it is only within the last twelve months that colonization in Cirenaica has extended inland much beyond a strip along the coast in certain sections.

One of the first cares of the Italians has been to "anchor" the moving sand-dunes by planting vegetation to hold the loose soil together. Driving through the country, I was astonished to see how quickly effective this

HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENTS: One of the many new bridges which have been built since Marshal Balbo became Governor of Libya

WHERE SLUMS ARE NOT TOLERATED: Workers' flats in the city of Tripoli

MAKING LIBYA FIT FOR THE TOURIST: A tarred motor road which only a short while ago was a mere track

SOLVING THE IRRIGATION PROBLE...

NEW ROME IN AFRICA

is Developing the Italian Colony of Libya

to hold the ground together. This has been one of the many important tasks which have had to be ...but to make Libya fit for colonization

has been. Many surprises were in store for me in Tripoli. I know Morocco as far south as the Atlas Mountains, Algeria to the M'zab in the Sahara, Egypt to the Sudan, and I know Tunis. But I had not been to Tripoli before.

In fertility, the Italian colony does not compare with the more favoured portions of Tunisia, Algeria, or Morocco. It is all the more interesting, therefore, to observe what the Italians are planning to do with their land, and their obvious determination to wrest a new Italy from the rocks and the sands. The climate and certain other conditions are not dissimilar from those of Central and Southern Italy, so that once there is a living to be made in the country, it should be a very pleasant and popular colony.

According to the latest statistics (1931 census) the total population of Tripolitania numbers 522,914 natives and 29,749 Europeans, of whom 24,700 are Italians. Tripoli, seat of the Italian Government in Libya, is a city of some 71,793 people. The population of Cirenaica is 165,000, of whom 19,000 are Europeans, mostly Italians. Benghazi, the principal city of Cirenaica, has 45,000 inhabitants.

So far, the Italian colonists have been filtering in rather slowly. The Italian civil population of the two colonies, Tripolitania and Cirenaica, had not yet reached 50,000 at the end of last year. Add another 5,000 Italians in the Colonial troops (which is the latest figure available), and still there are not 60,000 Italians in the whole of Libya. The Italian population in French Tunisia out-numbered the French until a few years ago. Now they are about equal—91,178 Italians and 91,427 French, exclusive of the French military. In Tunis city, however, the Italians still exceed the French, there being 46,457 Italian inhabitants in the capital of the French colony against 33,649 of the French themselves.

The Italian colonists in Libya have until the last year or two centred mainly round the cities. How gradually the colonial population has penetrated into the rural regions is shown by the official statistics of 1933. These figures give the Italian rural colonial population in Tripolitania as around 10,000.

Some idea of the immensity of the task undertaken in most difficult circumstances and surroundings, broiling sun, arid country, necessitating sinking artesian wells at almost every step, is gained when you review the efforts and expense involved on behalf of the existing colonists. In anticipation, too, of course, of others to follow.

In Tripolitania alone, nearly 87,000 acres have been planted with 1,789,000 olive trees; 35,600 acres with 2,210,000 almond trees; 9,000 acres with more than 18,000,000 vines, and 3,475 acres with over a million forest trees. Practically all, if not all, of these trees had to be imported from Italy. The forest trees include Australian acacia, cypress, eucalyptus, pine, tamarisk, robinia, and some native trees. I saw these trees and plantations of olives, almonds, and vines in all stages of growth when travelling in the country. The heritage of various beautiful oases gives Tripolitania more than 4,000,000 palmtrees.

The agricultural possibilities of Tripolitania when developed are suggested by a few products taken at random from the official list of local exports for one year. Although the quantities are comparatively small, they represent considerable achievement in view of conditions and difficulties. Included — grain, barley, maize, oranges, mandarins, apricots, beans, apples, lemons, tomatoes, potatoes, asparagus, aubergines, pepper, and of course olives, dates, almonds and their products. Tobacco is also being cultivated assiduously, and I enjoyed a local brand called "Rose de Garian." I was specially interested to note record of 58,000 mulberry trees, and the export of about 540 pounds of silkworm cocoons. The Italians are apparently experimenting with a silkworm industry.

Cows, horses, mules, pigs, chickens, eggs, butter, wool, and hides figure on the export list. In this stage of Italy's efforts, it is not so much the quantity of the exports that lends significance, but the fact that the crops and stock can be successfully raised at all, and that they have been raised by the limited number of colonists.

Sponge-fishing and tunny-fishing are important industries, and there are salt pits at Mellaha. Tripolitania is divided into three zones. The Mediterranean zone, the sub-desert, and the desert. The first is really the only zone well suited to agriculture, and consists of some 17,231 square miles (compared with Egypt's fertile area, the Nile Valley, and the Delta, in all 13,600 square miles). The Mediterranean zone is sub-divided into four sections: (1) that which includes some of the oases, where dates, olives, oranges, etc., grow freely; (2) the steppe district, good for cereals and pasturage. This is the region where so far there has been most Italian colonization; (3) the dunes, now being afforested; (4) the Jebel or mountains, suitable for olive trees, vines, and fruit trees.

Cirenaica has specially good facilities for pasturage. Cattle-raising could become an important industry. There are banana plantations at Derna, and barley, which is the chief food of the people, can be grown well. As along the Tripolitanian coast, there is good

(Continued on p. 492)

BURIED FOR CENTURIES BENEATH THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE DESERT: Columns which were brought to light a few years ago in the old Roman city of Leptis Magna on the Tripolitanian coast. To-day the Italians are just as intent on revealing the ancient glories of their colony as they are on developing it commercially

A RELIC OF ROME'S EARLY OCCUPATION OF NORTH AFRICA: A headless statue unearthed at Leptis Magna

TION PROBLEM: A concrete tank where water is stored for use on the land

THE WORLD

HARVESTING IN WASCO COUNTY, OREGON: A year otherwise it would have been impossible to dispose failures, farmers are being urged to plant. The seven

A Survey of the Present Position in the Wheat-Producing Countries Showing that there is No Likelihood of Shortage

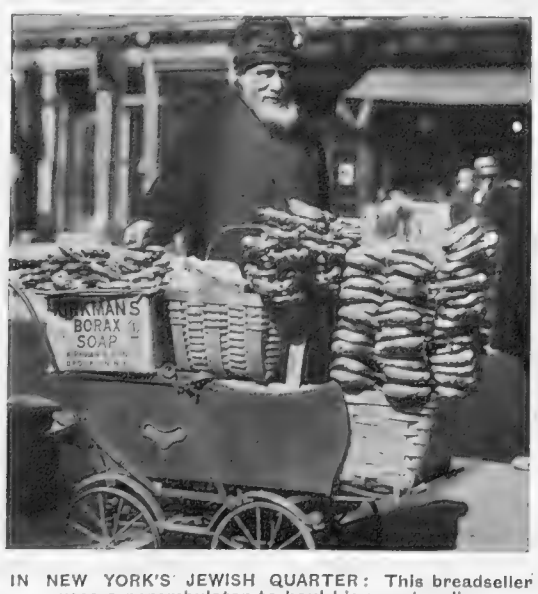
THE DROUGHT that has been prevailing for some time past in Britain, the major part of Europe, and to a far more serious degree in Northern America, is playing strange tricks with the basic economic law of supply and demand in as far as it is related to the wheat crops of the world. When, just a year ago, the World Economic Conference met in London, discussions took place between the major wheat-producing countries on the question of the huge surpluses of wheat accumulated since 1927, and filling granaries and elevators all over the world. The upshot of these discussions was that four exporting countries, Canada, the United States, Argentina, and Australia, agreed in principle on a policy of "temporary adjustment of production," at the same time urging similar steps upon European producers.

That was a year ago. A fortnight ago a sensational rumour was current in this country and in America that as a result of the drought there would be a world shortage of wheat in the coming winter. On reports of extensive crop failures in the American wheat belt, and of Soviet purchases of wheat from Australia, prices rose on the Baltic, in the Chicago wheat pit, and at Winnipeg, with a corresponding increase in the price of flour. At the same time a remarkable situation has developed in the United States. This time last year President Roosevelt was engaged upon an active campaign of crop restriction, farmers being subsidized to burn billions of quarters of wheat, kill off countless thousands of pigs, and plough in thousands of acres of cotton. Last Saturday the President asked Congress to vote £105,000,000 for the relief of drought sufferers, the money to be spent on aiding farmers to purchase livestock, animal feed, and seed corn!

Those people who have taken Press reports too seriously, and are imagining a world-wide shortage of bread next winter, should be able to allay their fears by studying the figures of wheat production. According to the monthly crop report of the International Institute of Agriculture it is estimated—from incomplete figures—that in the northern half of the world there are 277,000,000 acres under wheat, as against 269,500,000 acres last year, an increase of 7,500,000 acres. To this total the United States contribute 53,400,000 acres, Canada 23,700,000 acres, and Soviet Russia 87,200,000. We thus arrive at the fact that the acreage from which millions of persons draw their bread supply is much larger this year than last.

The next factor to be considered is the present state of this year's crops and the estimates of production. As is now generally known, the American crop has suffered severely from the

CATERING FOR COSMOPOLITAN ISTANBUL: A baker's queer method of displaying his loaves. In the eighteenth century, when bread was frequently sold at famine prices in this city, bakers were hanged to appease the public



IN NEW YORK'S JEWISH QUARTER: This breadseller uses a perambulator to haul his merchandise

BAKING IN NEW MEXICO: Indian women using an out-door oven

MAKING FAIRY ROLLS IN A PRIMITIVE OVEN: Picturesquely clad Sardinian peasant women engaged in baking

'S DAILY BREAD

ago wheat production in America was being restricted as of the enormous surpluses: this year, as a result of crop giant combine in this picture is being pulled by twenty-mules

MODERN METHODS THAT REDUCE PRODUCTION COSTS: A caterpillar harvesting machine at work on the Dry Creek Ranch in Washington State. *On left*—"A LITTLE BIT OFF THE TOP": A breadseller in an Hungarian village market. She sells her loaf in slices which she cuts off in sizes to meet the various requirements of her customers

By J. BAKER WHITE

drought. Taking into consideration its effect, the 1934 crop may be estimated at about 510,000,000 bushels, as against the 1933 crop of 570,000,000 and a normal crop of about 780,000,000. Canada has also been hit by the drought, but the rains of the last few days should not be too late to help. Making not an estimate but an intelligent guess, based on last year's crop of 270,000,000 bushels and a normal crop of about 410,000,000, Canada's yield this year should be about 260,000,000 bushels. Unofficial estimates state that the Argentine and Australian crops will be about equal to last year's.

As far as Russia is concerned it is quite impossible even to hazard a guess. The sowing figures, weather reports, and crop statistics issued by the Soviet Government are so hopelessly contradictory and misleading that it is quite impossible to base any estimates on them. It is, however, definitely known that the drought has been severe in the Russian wheat areas, that there is a shortage, amounting often to non-existence, of bread of reasonably decent quality, that the peasants on the State farms, working for the State and not for themselves, are singularly unenergetic, that Red Army guards have to be posted over growing crops, and that in the Ukraine there is something approaching a state of famine. At any rate, Russia is hardly likely to be an exporter of any quantity of wheat this year. She may even be an importer.

It may be argued that these crop estimates are hopelessly inaccurate—as such estimates often are—that they are much too optimistic, that the drought will continue to do harm, and that there will be a yield far lower than the normal, or even lower than 1933. Yet even if this comes about there is still no need to fear a shortage of wheat. The following figures, taken from a table in the *Monthly Crop Report* of the International Institute of Agriculture, are highly illuminating :—

Countries	Exports (in million bushels) Aug., 1933 to March, 1934	Balance* to be exported— April 1 to July 31, 1934	Exportable surplus, April 1, 1934
Canada -	133	67	224
United States -	22	25	206
Argentina -	89	21	125
Australia -	58	47	107

* Based on the quotas agreed upon at the London Wheat Conference, August, 1933.

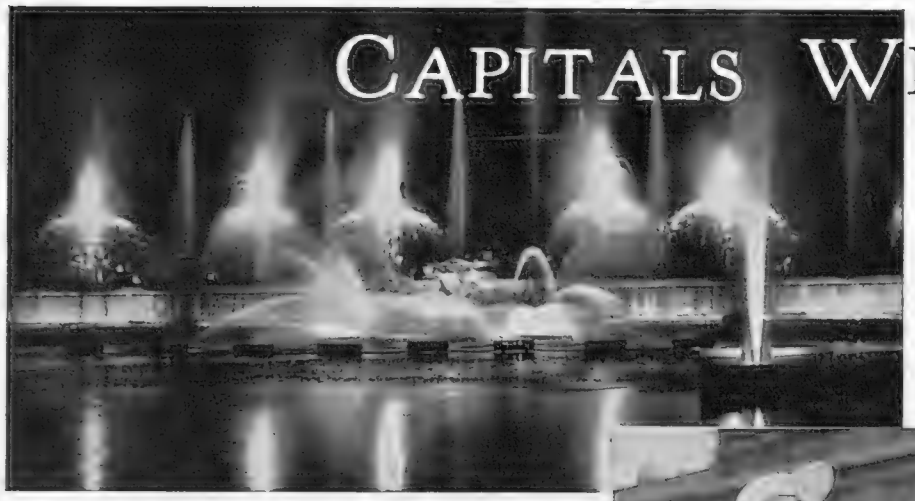
It is the right-hand column that tells the tale. On April 1 last these four exporting countries had surplus stocks amounting to 662,000,000 bushels. Even if the full balances are exported by July 31, which is doubtful seeing that both France and Germany are holding surplus stocks of home-grown wheat, there will still be stocks of over 500,000,000 bushels left on hand when the 1934 crop starts to come in to the elevators

BAKING IN MEGARA, GREECE: It will be noted that these women use the same spade-like implement as the Indians of New Mexico, and the peasants of Sardinia. The Greeks were one of the first people to employ leaven in making bread. They afterwards communicated the process to the Romans

CAPITALS WITHOUT SEASONS

The Waning of Social Life in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and the other Great Cities of Europe

By FERDINAND TUOHY



THE FLOODLIT FOUNTAINS OF VERSAILLES: In spite of displays such as this, and a host of other attractions, La Grande Saison de Paris is to-day reduced to but a shadow of its former greatness

NEVER BEFORE in my time has the London Season claimed such prominence in the foreign Press as it is doing this summer.

To give you the measure of events, headlines are appearing in Paris; LA *SEASON* DE LONDRES. La Season. They have even begun noting, in the same capital, *le cricket*—"thirteen young men in white, a ball, two *bâtons*, against a background of lawn and trees—and it goes on for hours! The big matches at Lord's last two or three days and one attends in a silk hat!"

But comment and attention are far from being restricted to our nearest neighbour. Open any of the more enterprising dailies or magazines or reviews—Spanish, Belgian, German, Austrian, Italian, Scandinavian, besides French—and the odds are you will come across some aspect or another of our hardy annual, ten weeks' pageant under descriptive or critical notice. One and all betray a quite unusual interest in what is supervening socially by the Thames. The Continent is getting to know all about Courts and débutantes and the Tournament and Tattoo and Runnymede and Test Matches and Ascot and the Horse Show and Trooping the Colour, if it hasn't been introduced to Eton and Harrow, Henley and Goodwood (the Derby and Wimbledon have, of course, long been familiar). The Academy, the Flower Show, the Variety Royal Command likewise set pens going, while Sir Thomas Beecham's outburst must have been justified if only for the columns it prompted "featuring" Covent Garden. And no doubt our staging of a Pageant of Parliament just when the parliamentary name is mud will evoke further interest among Continental friends.

The general phenomenon deserves a little exploratory treatment if only from the point of view of seeking to determine whether our present pre-eminence is likely to perpetuate itself. In which regard, obviously a prime matter to inquire into is the source of our success, so long delayed. Why has London suddenly come to the unchallenged top in this fashion, rain or shine? Why are such spending cosmopolitans and titles as survive making a bee line for Victoria and Croydon and Southampton? What has changed, with us, or with others?

The first of several explanations clearly has to do with these others. As purveyors of annual "seasons," all save one is as good as no more; and that lone survival is having to make a bitter fight of it. The field is relatively free. Rome and Vienna used to have their seasons about this time (earlier in Rome's case), besides Paris, nor were these all. Berlin and Munich boasted their periods of attraction, if on the heavy, music-cum-intellectual-cum-Potsdam side, and so after a fashion did Madrid, and if you go further back still, St. Petersburg was wont in its day to act as magnet of the international rich and *blasé*. And there would be minor seasonal movements in the direction of Budapest, and even of Stockholm and Brussels.

FOR ONE reason or another practically all of this has vanished progressively in the post-War years until to-day you see an ever-drab Continent as good as stripped of "seasons." And however we may benefit, 'tis a sad sight. For years of inflation, mad, month-long riots were kept up in Vienna and Berlin, but these weren't seasons and duly perished of their freakishness. For hard on ten years Paris remained gorged by a more or less non-stop "season" which also held the seed of its own destruction—but I shall have more to say of Paris in a moment. The point to make now is the clean sweep of the rest. A scattered and inveterate company still heads for Rome at Easter and in the early winter, yet it is a ghost of what was. Sticking on gold at 58 lire to the pound makes Rome a tough proposition despite the Duce's attempted fashioning of prices no higher than outside. Yet that may not be the main deadener. Said a friend recently returned from Rome: "Under the régime, Italian Society gives the impression of being so *controlled*. And every third man and boy in uniform does get so tiresome!"

Berlin has, of course, vanished off the map. Not a single attribute of a "season" can be coaxed into life among such serious gentry as the Nazis or in a country in the throes of such mortal wriggling and writhing as the Reich. Nor is the mark a bit comehither either; at any rate, not at this writing. And as for the post-War Russian season, it tends to take the form of Intourist coveys of intellectuals being shown clinics and factories with, as rare and special prize, a presentation to the Commissary of Foreign Affairs. Turning to Spain, the Madrilian scene took a grievous knock on the social side with the exit of the Royal Family—indeed, the casualties among kings have been "for much" in the distressing story here related. While in no way presuming to go as far as a London journal which recently held that there was no such thing as a Paris season, simply because the Chief of State received only old women, and no débutantes, without any doubt the colour of monarchy did sensibly promote bygone seasons in the various capitals. To-day, only ten sovereigns endure, of Britain, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and only the first of these is at all involved in a "Season." Did a monarch return to Vienna, the number might be two.

AT AUTEUIL: A fashionably dressed race-goer

EVEN NOW, with its unsolved situation, bombs and Nazis, Vienna continues to make a bid for a "season" and 'tis my belief that if things should ever quieten down again towards the genuinely normal, plus a return of Otto, the Austrian capital might well be the one first to challenge London in the future. Vienna possesses the air and the setting and the humour for a "season," music apart, and its citizens are still good to move amongst provided the newly-arrived uniform strutting could be thinned out. Juvenile militias may be guaranteed to act as permanent stoppers on seasons; on the let's-forget-it-and-enjoy-ourselves frame of mind more than ever forming the roots of these humanizing affairs.

But Vienna marks our term of roving; of no avail to look round any further. The plain fact being that the giant depression, currency, dementia, political rivalry if not hatred, popular antagonism to display, and the general fear neurosis have steadily combined to close down "seasons." In all save London and Paris. From now on it is a tale of two cities. A tale full of seasoning and spice. For what has happened is that, left facing each other in a clear field, the couple are having it out in gentlemanly style. Or, more accurately, there is a regular *strafe* on from the Seine. London's attitude appears to be the more passive one of: "Well, here we are. We've won for the moment. What about it?"

What about it? Paris refuses to abdicate an inch! Just that. She is preparing a positive Verdun defence of her cherished *Saison*, with its appended luxury trade and propping of Parisian incomes. She is beginning to examine herself for faults—you, who do this every morning, do not realize what that means. She is angry, nonplussed, envious, admiring all at once, vis-à-vis this parvenu new London. She is just now answering with "a record program of fêtes," which include night racing at Longchamp by floodlight, with "tails" in the paddock. Doesn't that fetch you across? Well, what about a Versailles fountain display? Regatta and water fête? *Coriolanus* gala at the opera? Foreign and French bands? Auteuil garden party? Torchlight march of the Paris garrison? Musical parade of ditto in old army costumes? Ball at Longchamp? Tuileries night fête?

No? No? *No?* Perhaps it does all sound a trifle Second Empire though there *is* going to be a Blériot commemoration at Buc, and a motor car Concours d'Elégance in the Bois. . . .

In the Battle of the "Seasons" that is well and truly on between London and Paris, there is much to comprehend, and alas for herself, considerable reluctance so far on the part of Paris to do so. Instead of facing up to undodgable facts, Paris persists in reading such articles as this as hostile propaganda—part of the general *on m'attaque* neurosis inherited from the War. Whereas, plain as the day, are certain of these facts. Paris is tired, essentially a tired city. She is also worried, worried no end by the war shadow and probable absence of all the big ones who helped her so last time. Nor do the Coué efforts of the Administration go down with your average realistic Frenchman who knows better regarding economics and the world. Paris is furthermore fearfully dear for everyone, even for gold standard Dutch and Swiss (the other two nominally on that standard, Germans and Italians, boycott the French capital for political reasons). I shall pass lightly by the Americans' principal complaints against the city where once they swarmed, namely fleecing and rudeness. Nor should the indifferent Press France has long had go entirely unmentioned. These things do matter in regard to "seasons."

OVER and beyond all this are four factors: (a) Paris is losing her elegance; (b) much of what was best in her has been grafted on elsewhere; (c) a good deal of what remains is definitely vieux jeu, or else more suited to an American mining metropolis; (d) the French capital, having drawn everybody since 1919, is suffering quite normally from having been overdone, over-visited. Of these remarks, I know the elegance one will go deepest. Here is *Je Suis Partout* this week:

"On a couru, à Chantilly, le Prix de Diane par un temps froid et incertain, L'impression du pesage était fâcheuse; jamais un si coupable négligé n'avait été affiché sans vergogne. Hommes et femmes semblaient avoir fait un concours d'inélégance. . . . Les seules 'élégantes,' ou femmes empanachées, qu'on trouve au pesage, sont des professionnelles, des mannequins postés dans l'axe des photographes, et déguisés pour la circonstance de manière plus ou moins ridicule."

As good as referring to Ascot, I was positively frightened to translate that. Yet if Frenchmen write that kind of thing they should be prepared to see it translated, and not later idiotically fall back on "hostile propaganda." Incidentally, I could give many more excerpts in like vein, but shall refrain, having, I think, made out my case accounting for the present state of *La Grande Saison de Paris*. Just now a violent whip-up of *tout Paris* is being essayed; a set company of accepted chic in art and literature, sport, and la mode, is being

(*Cont. on p.* 492)

COMPETING FOR THE TITLE OF "MONSIEUR PARIS": Each child who took part in this novel contest had to announce his name through the microphone

From the New and Old Worlds

MASSED MIGHT: One of the largest and most impressive naval reviews ever held in the New World took place recently just outside New York harbour. Eighty-six vessels, including ten battleships, seven heavy cruisers, eight light cruisers, forty-eight destroyers, and three aircraft carriers steamed in a single line past the "reviewing ship," *Indianapolis*, aboard which President Roosevelt was stationed to take the salute. On the following day the fleet anchored in the harbour for a seventeen days' stay, features of which were a nightly searchlight display and a dinner given by Mayor La Guardia to Admiral David Sellers and 3,500 of his officers

"WHERE GREW THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE": Tourists listening to a lecture by Canon William Wigram, the distinguished traveller, amid the ruins of Mycenae—the city over which Agamemnon ruled in the "Heroic Age of Greece." It was on this spot (known as the Agora) that Schliemann, the great German archæologist, discovered what are believed to be the tombs of Agamemnon and his wife, Clytemnestra

REED HARVESTING IN NORFOLK

Bringing in a load of reeds on the River Bure, near Wroxham. They are extensively used for thatching

Above—HARROWING A HOP FIELD IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Note how the horses are muzzled to prevent them from nibbling the young shoots. *Inset in centre*—Arriving for the ceremony at Belver Farm, Dartmoor, when the house was opened a few days ago as a hikers' hostel. It was formerly owned by the Prince of Wales

In Leafy June

Above—ON THE BANKS OF THE "BACKS": Undergraduates and their friends basking in the June sunshine. *Top*—A delightful view of the "Backs" showing St. John's, the famous college founded in 1511 by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII

The DOWSER and the DROUGHT

Water Diviners Who can Solve the Problem of Water Shortage

THE DROUGHT is upon us in Britain. Even if the weather experts be proved wrong, and for the remainder of the summer wet days and nights follow with monotonous regularity, the shortage of water for the next few months will still be a national concern.

Why not, therefore, call upon the dowser, the water-diviner of to-day? If there is water to be found in the earth it is probable that it will be discovered by the dowser. There are still many people apt to relegate the dowser and his hazel twig to the superstitious limbo of the past. Yet within the past twelve months the dowser has been proving himself in most remarkable fashion.

One afternoon in Paris this year I had the good fortune to be present at the second annual congress of water-diviners. There must have been over 200 experts present, including the representative of British diviners, Captain A. J. Edney of the Royal Engineers. These diviners took themselves with scientific seriousness. Many noted French diviners have been employed by public companies to locate metal deposits and underground streams, notably the Abbé of Condette, near Boulogne, and the Abbé Mermet, and others. These experts now call themselves "Radi-æsthesists," the new scientific term for all those gifted with divining powers.

But in Britain, the diviners are still treated with a good deal of scepticism. Yet the good "dowser" does not often make mistakes. One of the best, who died recently, was said to have been successful in locating water ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Even more remarkable was the location of missing human bodies by the same means after the police and their search methods had failed.

IT WAS the well-known Leicestershire diviner, Mr. John Clarke, of Ab Kettleby, who succeeded in finding four missing bodies on different occasions. A slight, wiry, grey-haired man, Mr. Clarke uses only hazel twigs and copper wire. He pointed out to the police the exact spot in a Leicestershire canal where the body of one missing man was found.

The most famous of his feats was the tracking up the Trent for thirty miles of the body of a Gainsborough gamekeeper. Furnished with a clue, Mr. Clarke brings out his diviner, the wires of which pull him backwards and forwards along the trail like an uncanny human bloodhound.

Two members of the Nottingham police force issued a challenge to the diviner. Each gave him a handkerchief, and hid himself in the city. Within half-an-hour Mr. Clarke had found them both.

"That made 'em change their minds," he told me with a reminiscent chuckle. "Thought they'd like to have me in their police force, then."

Again, a diviner was used by archæologists in the unearthing of the ancient Roman city of Uriconium, near Shrewsbury. A diviner who went over the ground stated definitely that he sensed the presence of gold in eight places. The diviner stated that he was unable to say whether the gold was in the form of one piece well below the surface, or whether it was in the form of purified minted gold that at one time comprised the fortune of some Roman ruler. The archæologists are now seeking the gold. During the days I spent on the Rand goldfields of South Africa, I came across more than one extraordinary character who claimed to be able to find gold by diviners' means. Perhaps the most unique of these characters was an old prospector who had been blinded while prospecting with dynamite for gold

This blind man claimed to be able to sense gold in his immediate vicinity. He was taken out on the veld by several parties of prospectors, but I never heard of any successful finds. The engineers of the Rand Mines will only consider the methods of modern geophysic experts in the detection of gold by unusual means, yet, at the Paris congress I attended, one French diviner claimed that he could find mineral deposits by swinging a "pendulum," such as his gold watch, over an ordinary staff map.

THE MINERAL-DIVINER judging by reports of unsuccessful Cocos Island treasure hunters, has not been so impressive as the water-diviner. But there are occasions when the discovery of water can be more precious than the discovery of gold. Certainly if the drought continues, it may well be so in Britain. Then, perhaps, prejudices may be set aside and the dowser put to work.

Professional dowsers have been subjected to as many tests as professional mediums. As the best dowsers have generally been more or less illiterate men, they have come under strong suspicion. The most complete investigation of their powers was made some years ago by Professor Sir W. F. Barrett. He decided, after watching several dowsers at work, that the rod twisted without any reason or intention on the part of the man holding it. *He decided that the powers of the dowser were in himself and not in the divining rod.* Certain external objects have the power of affecting physically certain men and women. Water is one of those objects. Professor Barrett therefore suggested that "motor-automatism" was at work, and that the forked twig merely acted as an index to mental disturbance caused by the presence of water.

WHEN THE DOWSER IS IN DEMAND: Mr. Frederick Allcorn, who was called in last year to assist Sussex farmers in locating springs, the drought having made it difficult for them to supply their livestock with water

Right—IN SEARCH OF WATER: Dowsers generally use either willow rods or hazel, beech, and holly twigs, but successful results have also been achieved with pieces of wire and watch springs

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF DOWSERS who attended a meeting at Backwoods, Lindfield, Sussex, at the beginning of this month

JOY *of the* WATER

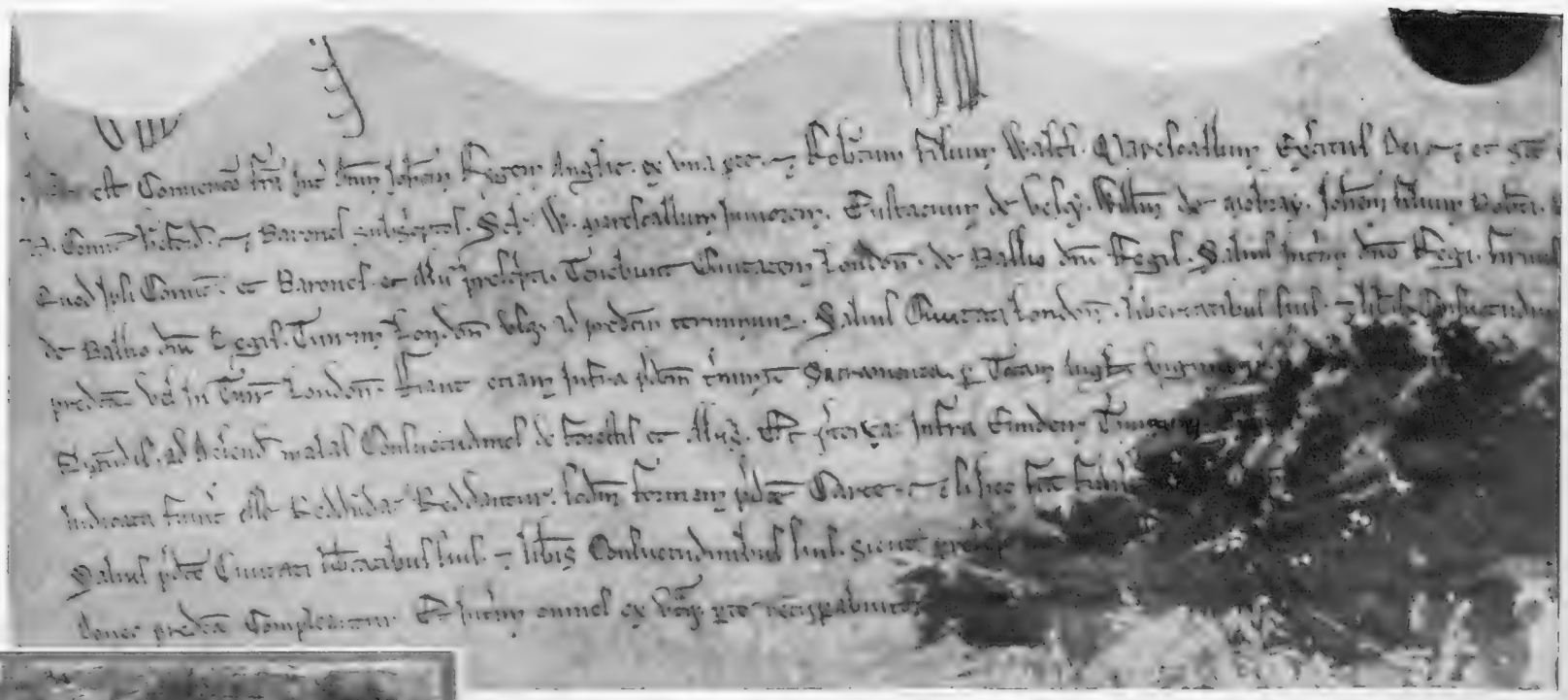
AN ORIENTAL TOUCH ON THE SHORES OF ENGLAND'S LARGEST LAKE: A glimpse through the lilac trees of Bowness Bay, Windermere

OCEAN YACHT RACING: Miss M. E. Wiles' *Coquette* starting out from Burnham-on-Crouch on a 257 mile race round the Maas Light Vessel

GLIDING DOWN THE ELBE FROM THE PORT OF HAMBURG: A single-masted sailing boat of the Dutch type

A BEQUEST AND REQUEST: Miss Jessie Muhlhauser, of Carshalton, Surrey, who died recently, left her yacht, the *Amaryllis*, to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and requested that, when it was of no further use, it should be taken out to sea and sunk. Her brother sailed round the world in it ten years ago

HOME-MADE BUT SEAWORTHY: These coracles, constructed of canvas and willow, were made by Mr. W. Smallcombe, curator of Reading Museum, whose hobby is boat building. They can be put together in a day, and the smallest weighs only 12 lb.



PRESERVED IN THE RECORD OFFICE: An agreement between King John and the Barons, in which the former gave guarantees that the terms of Magna Carta would be adhered to. The upper edge of the document is cut in the wavy line characteristic of old-time indentures

ONE OF THE FOUR SEALED COPIES OF MAGNA CARTA KNOWN TO BE IN EXISTENCE: This belongs to the British Museum, and has been partially destroyed by fire. The design on the seal is indistinguishable

A LOST MAGNA CARTA DOCUMENT

It was Once in the House of Lords Library— Where is it Now?

THE SEARCH which THE SPHERE has been making for the earliest Magna Carta document has revealed a very interesting situation.

In our issue of June 2 it was mentioned that there existed in the House of Lords Library a charter document bearing the seal of King John and the thumb seals of a number of Barons. We were informed that some years ago this was on view in a glass case in the Library, and it was possible for visitors to inspect it. As a result of an enquiry made at the House of Lords, however, it transpires that no such document is there now. This interesting statement was made by the present Chief Librarian, who discounted the theory that the document might be preserved among the State Papers in the Victoria Tower, as these papers do not go further back than the fifteenth century.

If this document was, as our information clearly states, once in the possession of the House of Lords Library, where is it now? Information has been sought in various directions, but no satisfactory answer has been obtained. It is possible that it is in the possession of some official body but, as far as the general public is concerned, it seems for the moment to be lost.

IN THIS CONNECTION it is interesting to recall the varied history of the Salisbury copy of the charter which is dealt with in the following notes by Canon Wordsworth:

The copy of Magna Carta, now exhibited under glass in Salisbury Cathedral Library, is one of the four contemporary examples of the Great Charter of Liberties to which King John gave his consent at Runnymede on June 15, 1215.

This document is written on one side of a single piece of vellum measuring 17¼ in. in length by 14 in. in breadth. It is written in 75½ long lines of manuscript, without any correction, and without the elongation of letters which is noticeable in the copy deposited at Lincoln, and which occupies fifty-four long lines. The Salisbury Magna Carta is endorsed in an old hand—

> "Carta Rigis Johannis de Libertat
> Ecclesie anglicane et omniune
> legionem Regis
> dupplicate."

It bears the old note "Tang' Dec et Corp" written at a time when the Cathedral documents were sorted, and arranged in bundles and drawers according to the persons whom each evidence concerned. A further note runs as follows:—

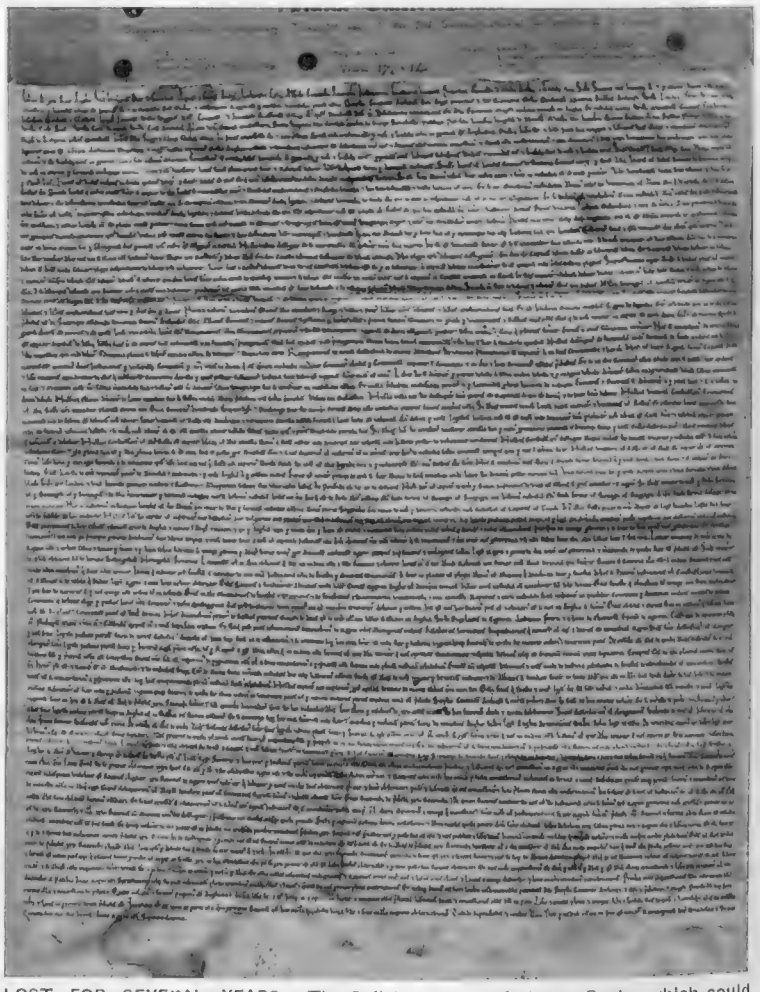
> "C.2.
> primi Inclusora
> ascendendo 34"
> (the numeral appears to have been subsequently altered to "39").

It is apparently co-eval with an old inventory written about the year 1605, from which we gather that C was the mark of a special "drawer" of muniments, that "C 2" was the mark put upon the second box (compartment) of that drawer, the sixth box in the collection containing divers Charters of King Henry, King Stephen, King John, and others.

IF that is so, the Charter has been in the possession of the Dean and Chapter for at least 300 years, but there is good reason to suppose further that it reached Old Sarum in the days of King John and of Bishop Herbert Poore. It evidently once had a great seal attached to it by two strings, presumably of silk, but this was roughly torn away subsequently, and has long since been lost.

When the search was made for documents illustrative of "the Public Records of the Kingdom etc." in 1800–1812 it had evidently been hoped that the exemplar of Magna Carta which had been in Bishop Gilbert Burnet's possession and possibly some other also, might be found at Salisbury. Unfortunately Mr. W. Bouchier the Chapter-Clerk could not report that there was any trace or recollection of such a document at Salisbury. His statement was repeated in the official Reports of the Record Commission. Only a few years later, in 1820, the document was found.

It seems not impossible that it had lain unnoticed all the while folded as it then was in an insignificant and unpromising little packet inscribed in Latin as "a charter concerning the Dean and Chapter" with no vestige visible of any seal such as the first Report of 1800 seemed to expect to find at Salisbury. The record searchers were on the look-out for the Charter mentioned by Bishop Burnet and by Blackstone. But even if we could think as meanly of the former as Lord Dartmouth did, there is no reason for suspecting that the original of the Magna Carta, which he twice mentioned in the history of his own time, was procured from Salisbury, for he had exulted of his possession of it in that volume which was published several years before he had any connection with the Cathedral.



LOST FOR SEVERAL YEARS: The Salisbury copy of Magna Carta, which could not be found when a search was made for it at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It turned up in 1820

BENEATH THE DUST OF AGES: When this great bed, which has been on exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum since 1931, was cleaned a short time ago a remarkable discovery was made. Beneath thick coats of dirt and discoloured varnish were revealed original polychrome decorations in an excellent state of preservation. The two panels seen at the head are, thanks to the protecting quality of the varnish, almost as brilliant in colouring to-day as when the paint was first applied nearly 400 years ago

THE GREAT BED OF WARE

Original Decorations Revealed

Above and on right—A close up view of the newly-revealed painted panels and of the remarkable carving with which the bed is adorned. This massive piece of furniture, which was formerly at the Saracen's Head at Ware, is of great antiquity and must have been in existence in Shakespeare's day, as a reference to it is made in Act III of *Twelfth Night*. It is 12 ft. square

STARS of WIMBLEDON

A YOUNG INVADER: Lester Stoeffen who made his first appearance in England last year. Severe and forceful—can be beaten only by expert shots and expert strategy

THE MAN WHO NEEDS NO BACK-HAND: Giorgio de Stefani, the ambidextrous Italian giant-killer. He played his fiftieth Davis Cup match last year

HE GOES FOR THE GRAND SLAM: F. H. D. Wilde, noted for his passion for pace

TYPHOON: Juro Yamagishi, the converse of the usual Japanese "safe" player. If his shots come off, all well and good, if not—exit Yamagishi

THE FIELD of the Cloth of Green is upon us again—and old favourites and new faces come to enchant us with wizard mastery of practice or joyous ebullience of youth.

The classic drives of Austin, so reminiscent to old codgers of the Dohertys; the strong service and bustling tactics of the G.B. hope, Perry; the laziness (born of incredible anticipation) of Australian Crawford; the late forehand and surprisingly powerful overhead of diminutive Yankee Lott; the whirlwind, and sometimes "windy," shots of Frank X. Shields; the two-handed backhand of young McGrath; and, above all, the bounds, the *fantastique* recoveries of smashes, the *formidable* volleys, the *incroyable* kills of Borotra, have been so often the subjects of lyric ecstasy on the part of tennis writers in the past that one simply dare not descant on them further.

Let us turn to those, therefore, who may afford if not the delights of perfection, then at least the charms of novelty.

Foremost among the "new planets swum into our ken" stands Charles Hare, eighteen-year-old, gangling youth with a few weaknesses but more strengths. He is not yet of "seeded" rank, but he is not far from it. His is an all-court game with no pronounced lack anywhere. As yet he is erratic, but on his day—and he has more on-days than off-days—he is capable of upsetting the whole book of form. He will probably be played on No. 1 Court for his opening match; watch it.

THEN there is a constellation from the East; the Japanese Davis Cup team. They are captained, owing to the tragic death of Jiro Satoh, their elected leader, by Miki, well known both to Wimbledon and English tournaments. But of the newcomers Fujikura has a habit of winning, not on the mistakes of his adversary, but on the sheer brilliance of his own shots, that should endear him to the hearts of the spectators. Fireworks are his strong suit, and tennis crowds are still children enough to enjoy pyrotechnical displays.

Yamagishi is the stroke player of this band of beloved invaders; since Schimidzu, we have always had a national fondness for the Japanese. Although possessed of the temperamental reticence of his race—they all meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same, as far as their expressions show—his tennis is far from "inscrutable" or Machiavellian; it is just sheer dazzle when his shots come off, just sheer tripe when they do not.

Nishimura, the champion of his country, is not unlike Aoki and Nunoi of other years rolled into one. Cat-like agility, steadiness, head—as well as racket—play, and impassivity of outlook form the four aces in his hand.

Give an eye to Adrian Quist and D. P. Turnbull of Australia. They are not magicians like Crawford nor stunters like McGrath, but they are both class A tennis players. I write as the sun is blazing and my own court is like an alkaline desert with its caked surface in ridges and hollows, and if this weather holds until Wimbledon, the surface should suit those from Down Under.

America sends us one new face, Frank Parker. He is assured of a "great big hand," in Tex Guinan's (or was it Aimee McPherson's?) immortal phrase, for Wimbledon gives newcomers every encouragement; unlike most audiences, Wimbledon likes not their own man but the best man to win.

Sammy Woods is an old friend but well worth watching after his absence; that "loose" action of his as he seems to be gathering himself together to make his cross-court drive is typical of a whole school of American tennis.

But the crack among the Yanks is Stoeffen: gigantic in stature, forceful in tactics, possessed of Vinesesque drives and Tildenian service. If I were a betting man—which I am not (since Colombo lost the Derby)—I should back him for this year's championship. He is not new—he was here last year, but watch his first match on the centre court; he is almost certain to be played there.

WATCH, also, young de Stefani, an Italian giant-killer. He is uncanny to play against. *He never hits a back-hand shot.* He does not run round them—oh no! He is ambidextrous. And the way he switches his racket from hand to hand alone is worth the money, let alone what he does when he *has* changed hands.

Also from Italy—Heavens! I had almost forgotten the women!—comes the freakiest of freak players now that Rumanian Mishu is not playing—Signorina Valerio. She sends over spins that bounce back over the net; she produces chops that do not rise an inch even on wood; she serves with a twisting underhand or a well-placed flat trajectory: she is the most incalculable of players and she takes a lot of beating.

"Roddy" Menzel of Czechoslovakia must be watched. He is a giant, he has a giant's strength, and he knows how to use it. With his fellow-countryman, L. Hecht—a little man, as agile as a cat on hot bricks—he is a serious proposition in doubles; alone, he is a likely last-eight man in singles.

It would be a fine policy for a seasoned centre court fan to abjure his debenture seat and watch the extraordinarily fine tennis produced in matches left out of the ordinary criticisms. It is a wholesome corrective to the belief that only those who figure in the headlines can play exciting and even spectacular tennis, and the absence of the centre-court atmosphere, with its mass emotion verging sometimes upon mass hysteria—when the result is all, the play is nothing—enables one to concentrate upon the subtleties of courtcraft (watch Sleem for this) and the intricacies of stroke and counter-stroke, of anticipation and disguised direction unhampered by the plaudits of the hoi polloi to whom the kill of a short lob—the easiest stroke of all, that even a "rabbit" can do as efficiently as a star—is the greatest thrill that the game affords.

G. R.

SHOWS — Agricultural and Otherwise

BEFORE THE DAYS OF KHAKI: A scene in "The Moonlight Steeplechase"—one of the features of the International Horse Show at Olympia—being rehearsed in a field near Maidenhead

AT THE THREE COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT HEREFORD: The Duke and Duchess of York inspecting the Herefords, Burton Maypole, winner of the grand male championship, and Britannia, winner of the grand female championship

"THERE WAS A SHOUT ABOUT MY EARS": Society children enjoying donkey rides at the Children's Garden Party held at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park in aid of the Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital

WHO'S AFRAID? Making friends with Elstow Choice—a winner of several prizes at the Hertfordshire Agricultural Show held in Hatfield Park

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

WAYS WITH BOOKS: A recess in a panelled room with book-shelves specially arranged to take volumes of varying heights. *Right*—Corner of a library in a London house

A biography of that beautiful and gracious personality who was Queen Alexandra has been long due. She loved England and England loved her. From the moment of her inauspicious landing at Gravesend, on March 7, 1863, for nearly forty years of her life married to the Heir Apparent, she lived in the shadow of a Great Queen. Victoria "yielded to a charm which she had been quick to acknowledge if never quite able to understand."

Enough has been written about the activities of Edward VII under his mother's dominance; his political prescience, subsequently to affect the map of Europe, has been fully appraised. But Queen Alexandra had little opportunity and no desire to be other than a good wife, a gracious hostess, and a loving mother to her children.

It could not always have been easy, especially when the autocrat of Windsor "forbad her family to mention Schleswig-Holstein in her presence." From that, and from the natural alignment of her sympathies, came a rooted and justifiable dislike of everything Prussian. Prussianism ran riot in the personality of her nephew by marriage, the Kaiser, whose habitual bombast and heavy-handed flattery she tolerated with scarcely disguised impatience. If the Kaiser thought about it at all he probably put it down as further evidence of "Uncle Bertie's" antagonism, for she was always "Liebe Tante" to him.

Yet the following incident is typical:

"The Kaiser had given orders that the *Victoria and Albert* should be escorted through the Kiel Canal by troops of cavalry riding on each bank. It was a bright idea, but it did not quite 'come off,' as the maximum pace of the horsemen was a good deal less than even the retarded speed of the vessel . . . But Queen Alexandra heard little and saw less; in the Kiel Canal she preferred to draw the blinds of her sumptuous cabin."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, by Sir George Arthur (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.), is a biography of an old-fashioned type by a courtier of the old school. It essays no incisive character study, nor does it focus artificial high lights for effect. It is a quiet, dignified, and altogether charming study of a lovable and beautiful queen.

Few people alive to-day can remember the radiant beauty that is captured in the painting by Lauchert, reproduced as a frontispiece to this book, but few will forget the gracious lady whose annual drive round London on her own Alexandra Day became a national event.

All sorts of people, from Cabinet Ministers to lift-boys, read detective stories. I have heard one of the former declare that a taste for such literature was the sign of a first-class brain. It has also been said that the people find it a welcome relief from the perpetual sex theme.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, by Vincent Starrett (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.), serves to remind us of this redoubtable character who really started it all. As the years went on the public demanded more and more of Sherlock Holmes to the point where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle confessed that he had come "almost to hate poor Sherlock."

The successors to Holmes are many and numerous; sometimes their ingenuity is greater, and sometimes their creators show more literary skill. But it would have surprised some of the pundits of the *fin-de-siècle* era to have known that these magazine stories would have become classics to-day, and that a book such as this would or could have been written.

It must be rare that a fictional character has been so thoroughly and definitively bio-graphized, and it is interesting that it has been done in this case by an American, whose enthusiasm is beyond question and whose tenacity and ingeniousness are worthy of his hero.

Mr. H. R. Knickerbocker is a famous American newspaper correspondent. **WILL WAR COME TO EUROPE** (John Lane. 5s.) is a series of questing interviews he has recently had with Mussolini, Horthy, Dollfuss, Masaryk, Barthou, and the Kings of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, as well as with prominent men in other countries.

It makes disquieting, almost startling reading; but we must remember that its object is to be startling. That which is not sensational is not NEWS; and the articles were first destined for American consumption.

London was his last visit.

"Britain," he says, "is alarmed to-day. She is alarmed as she has never been since Tirpitz and his Navy League built the German Fleet into a challenge to British security. . . . Britain holds the key to the date of the future war in Europe."

He quotes Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, Winston Churchill, Mr. Geoffrey Mander, Captain Cunningham-Reid, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Hence, we may suppose, the alarm.

Among the novels I can recommend **RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT**, by Jack Jones (Faber. 7s. 6d.). The author sets out to construct for us the scene of one of the worst of the distressed areas in Britain to-day. Strictly speaking there is no "story," but there is real and vivid life in it, characters whose daily lives are a never-ending struggle yet who meet, discuss, seek religious diversion as well as social, have their sport, their drama, and, of course, their politics, local and otherwise.

Mr. Jones can write. More difficult still he can write almost dispassionately about that upon which he might excusably have been tempted to enlarge. The quietness of his narrative is masterly; his handling of the pit disaster is one of the most remarkable pieces of writing I have encountered in modern fiction.

Very much "of the school of" D. H. Lawrence is a young American, Mr. John Evans, who has written **ANDREWS' HARVEST** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

Bill Andrews' wife died, leaving him with a newly-born baby. So from his remote farm he comes into town to find a woman who will go back with him and look after it. He chooses Julie. "Julie! Great Scott! Mr. Andrews, not Julie! Why, man, you can't be meaning to take her. You must know of her; why she has been nothing but a common ——."

Of the earth, earthy, is this novel, and with a scene in it that is raw, even for these sophisticated days. The preoccupation is with the This Man, This Woman theme, but there is beauty and tenderness in the narrative. Perhaps Mr. Evans is not an unworthy disciple.

It is curious to see anyone as English as the Hon. Theodora Benson writing such convincing American as "The bulls knew him of old. 'Show us what you can do with them dogs,' they called. 'Now then, shift them puppies! He sang appealingly . . . and as he sang he shifted them puppies.'"

But in **CONCERT PITCH** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) there is a great deal that is convincing, and nothing more so than when the blonde vaudeville star cries: "I'll get him back. God can't let her keep him. Because Tina really is no lady." Miss Benson, to use her newly chosen idiom, can certainly dish it out. The only doubt is whether her readers can take it. Her thorough and obviously painstaking study of music-hall life leaves a faint flavour of patronage in spite of its intended sincerity.

And as most drawing-room humorists have the illusion that they can tell cockney stories successfully, and all comedians yearn to play *Hamlet*, so most young writers feel the urge to write *the* stage novel of the century. Certainly Miss Benson's contribution is good enough to be "placed."

An experiment in time is the concern of the plot of **AN UNEXPECTED GUEST**, by Bernadette Murphy (Cape. 7s. 6d.). Olivia Maxwell is giving a party; a stranger whom she does not recognize gives her a lovely golden drink, and she finds herself transported back into her own childhood.

Back in her old house in Ireland, she sees herself as a little girl and her family as they were then. Her grown-up reactions to her former self (for they meet face to face), and the rest of the half-forgotten but familiar characters of the past are sensitively and convincingly worked out. It all passes as in a dream, and Olivia is left, back at her party again, saying, "Haven't you often thought how amusing it would be to go back to the past as one is now?"

Miss Murphy provides no sequel, either in character or in plot, to her experiment, but it is a very good novel indeed.

The allusiveness of a soul sensitive to modern art and music, less modern than sensual, broods over **POEMS**, by Thomas McGreevy (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.). Yet there is that in them that when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory.

Not that there is anything Shelleyan about this Irish poet who finds a Matisse ensemble where—

> Zillebeke Lake and Hooge,
> Ice gray, gleam differently.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of an age which smothers poets in their cradle (the publishing of poetry does not "pay"; there are no film rights), or, even worse, drives them with an economic whip to become bad novelists, that it should listen to the voice of a poet strangely woven in the same piece.

> The model is our world,
> Our bitch of a world.
> Those who live between wars may not know
> But we who die between peaces
> Whether we die or not.

And I would also like to mention a perfect little gem of a book—as a book: *Shakespeare's Sonnets*; printed at Oxford at the Shakespeare Head Press and sold by Basil Blackwell for 3s. 6d. Size, shape, printing, and paper are in real harmony with the immortal contents.

Two books of interest to fishermen are **AT THE SIGN OF THE SPLIT CANE**, by Jack Scott (Witherby. 8s. 6d.), and **TUNNY FISHING**, by L. Mitchell-Henry (Rich and Cowan. 21s.).

Mr. Jack Scott's is a pleasant book full of lore, advice, and anecdote about salmon and trout fishing, and like a good fisherman he knows how high the literary standard of such a collection should be.

Mr. Mitchell-Henry is both a pioneer of tunny fishing in British waters and a great authority on the sport. His is a comprehensive book, ranging from the historical aspect of his subject, through the whole gamut of the sport itself, a survey of recent seasons, and a study of the migrations of the fish.

SIR HARRY LUKE, Lieut.-Governor of Malta, whose new book of reminiscences, *An Eastern Chequerboard*, has achieved considerable success. (*From a painting by E. C. Dingli*)

On page 492 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

Whitbread's Pale Ale

is a luxury

Whitbread & Co. Ltd. Brewers since 1742

For your throat's
sake - smoke
CRAVEN "A"

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ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL: Dr. Norton (Godfrey Tearle) faces a trumped-up charge of unprofessional conduct. A thrilling scene in *Living Dangerously*, the new play by Reginald Simpson and Frank Gregory at the Strand Theatre. Allan Aynesworth plays the part of the President of the Medical Council

"Meeting at Night."—Miss Margery Sharp, the novelist, has found a capital story for her play *Meeting at Night* at the Globe Theatre. Unfortunately she writes it as a novelist would, and as a dramatist wouldn't—or shouldn't. That is to say, the situations are written up instead of being made to evolve out of the natural development of a course of events; characters are explained and not permitted to explain themselves by the way they behave. This is a frequent fault in the inexperienced; but it is not incurable and in the case of a writer of such intelligence as Miss Sharp, the cure should be easy. *Meeting at Night* is by no means a poor play, but her next should be far better.

It concerns a famous airman, loaded with publicity and liking it, and a young Society girl who has just as strong a hankering after the limelight. They are engaged but not in love. On the eve of a lone flight to Australia the airman confesses to her that he is a coward, that he dreads the ordeal and does not think his nerves can stand it. She understands, and with understanding comes love. The tragic ending seemed unnecessary, but the way of revealing it was dramatic in the extreme, which proved that the author had flashes of real "theatre."

Miss Leonora Corbett and Mr. Roger Livesey could hardly have been better.

"Comus" and "The Comedy of Errors."—An admirable life of Hazlitt by Mr. Hesketh Pearson has just been published and I commend it to all who may be interested in the dramatical-critical. I also commend Hazlitt's own contrast between Milton and Shakespeare, not because everyone will be expected to agree with it but because there has just occurred an opportunity, which must shortly occur again, of indulging in a little comparison in these matters on one's own account.

...on, whose grace, intelligence, ... whose mastery of the art ... to make *The Private Road* ...ing success

Hazlitt declared that Milton was a good poet — not much critical acumen is called for in order to arrive at that decision—but that as a dramatist he saw all objects from his own point of view, whereas Shakespeare "had no personal character and no moral principle except that of good nature."

I hope any who care to may worry that out for themselves in the near future. For the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, production of Milton's *Comus* and Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* as a double bill was the most enchanting mixture of sheer beauty in the one case, and sheer jollity in the other, that even Mr. Sydney Carroll has so far fathered. As I write it has had to give way to a revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But it must not be on the shelf for long, and must be taken down again before the summer is much older.

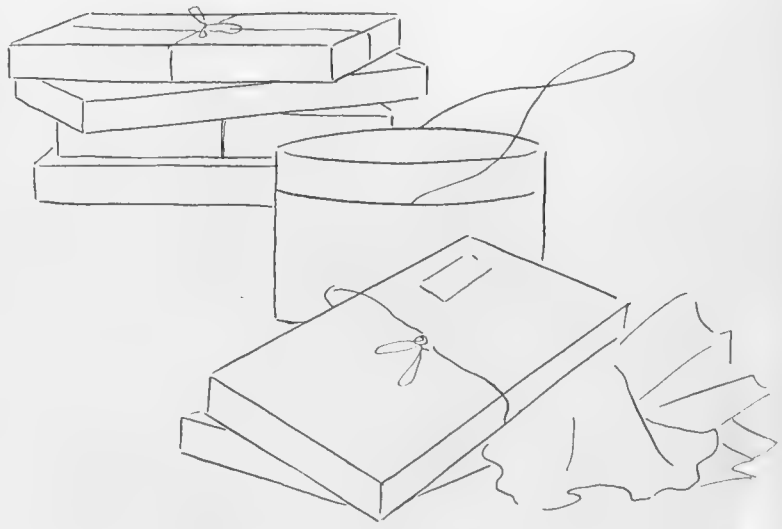
I had not before seen *Comus* and had not read it for years. Milton may have been seeing all objects from his own point of view when he wrote this Masque. It is not for us or for anyone to quarrel with that habit if it can produce a thing so exquisite as this. The dramatic qualities of *Comus* are not among its most important, though it "acts" uncommonly well. It makes one feel that one is "in company with a mighty mind" rather than associating with *intelligentsia*, which is not at all the same thing.

The setting and production generally are without a flaw, and it is good to hear Milton's verse spoken so beautifully.

The Comedy of Errors is an early work of Shakespeare, and has all the boisterousness and some of the untidiness of youth. It is a Tudor farce which might easily and without undue sacrilege be transformed into a neo-Georgian musical comedy. I would like to see Mr. Leslie Henson or Mr. Bobby Howes, or Mr. Alfred Drayton or Mr. Sidney Howard—or, better still, all four of them—tackling the muddles of the Antipholuses and the Dromios. But not for the world would I in any circumstances see any other actress than Miss Margaretta Scott as Adriana.

MILTON'S "COMUS" AT REGENT'S PARK OPEN-AIR THEATRE: *Left*—Leslie French, who gave a magnificent performance as the Attendant Spirit. *Right*—Clifford Evans picturesque as the sinister Comus

HIDDEN TREASURE



SALES COMMENCE	
Marshall & Snelgrove	June 25
Swan & Edgar	June 25
Woolland Bros.	June 25
Jaeger	June 25
Debenham & Freebody	July 2

Bargain hunting is not so much a pastime as a deeply-rooted instinct in most women. And the degree of satisfaction they are going to get during the next few weeks is unprecedented. Nobody who has seen, as I have, the things that are to be included in the Summer Sales can doubt this. Hardened as I am, I have been left full of envy and amazement.

Let us suppose it is furs that you are planning to buy, taking advantage of the fact that it is always wiser to get them at this time of year. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., have a marvellous three-quarter length coat of black broadtail, soft and beautifully marked. Curved upwards at the front, it has a wide scarf of Russian ermine, and it is being reduced, during their sale, from 179 guineas to 89 guineas. They are also making a special offer of brown and café American broadtail coats, with collars of white dyed fox for 29 guineas, and of a limited number of beige-dyed Mongolian fox ties for 1 guinea, natural red foxes for 2 guineas, natural blue foxes for 5 guineas, and exquisite silver foxes for 10 guineas.

At Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W., there are graceful tea gowns which represent a really sound investment. One in particular, called "Sapho" is made in satin Zenora, with a high neck, a moderate train, and open-work sleeves. The price will be 6½ guineas instead of 9½ guineas. "Derwent" is the name of the dinner dress sketched on the right at the foot of this page. Of black, nigger, or royal chiffon and fine lace, it will cost only £6 10s. Pure silk triple ninon night-gowns at 18s., skilfully cut satin beauté petticoats with lace brassière tops at 18s. 9d., and matching knickers at 15s. 6d. are certain to be snapped up with great eagerness.

If you are thinking of holidays wend your way to Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, for the dress and suit at the head of this page will have an irresistible appeal. The frock is of pure silk crêpe de chine in a variety of good prints. It has a dropped shoulder line with sleeves composed of double frills, and an adaptable scarf collar. The price is to be just 2 guineas.

A fancy check Milanese is used for the cardigan suit, which is fitted to the waist by tucks at the back and front. Delightfully cool and trim, it is made in many colours, and the price will be 50s. A dress in the same material at the same price is an interesting alternative, and holiday frocks in shantung or "Sundex," for full figures, at 40s. are well cut and slimming in effect.

Jaeger's, of 352, Oxford Street, W., are offering swagger and full-length belted coats, made from tweeds which have been used for their most successful spring models, for 35s. 6d. Skirts in the same tweeds will cost 15s. during their Fashion Sale. The General Sale commences on July 2.

Finally, at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, morning and afternoon gowns, and coats, fur-trimmed or plain, will be reduced to half price and less. There are also some beautiful metallic French laces, the original prices of which ranged from 13s. 11d. to 39s. 6d. a yard. During the sale they will all be offered at 6s. 11d. a yard.

These are but a few items, chosen at random. Profusely illustrated catalogues can be obtained from each of these shops on request.

The well-dressed man is not the dandy—that's the over-dressed. The reticent, easy, distinguished fitness which has made English clothes for men the world's standard—that is the ideal of the New Tailoring that helps you to choose clothes instead of cloth easily and pleasantly.

We have morning coats and waistcoats for six guineas, and trousers for thirty-seven and sixpence and forty-seven and sixpence. We also have grey waistcoats, single-breasted for thirteen and sixpence, double-breasted for fifteen and sixpence and seventeen and sixpence.

151 FITTINGS IN THE NEW TAILORING

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

ELEVEN 'NEW TAILORING' CENTRES

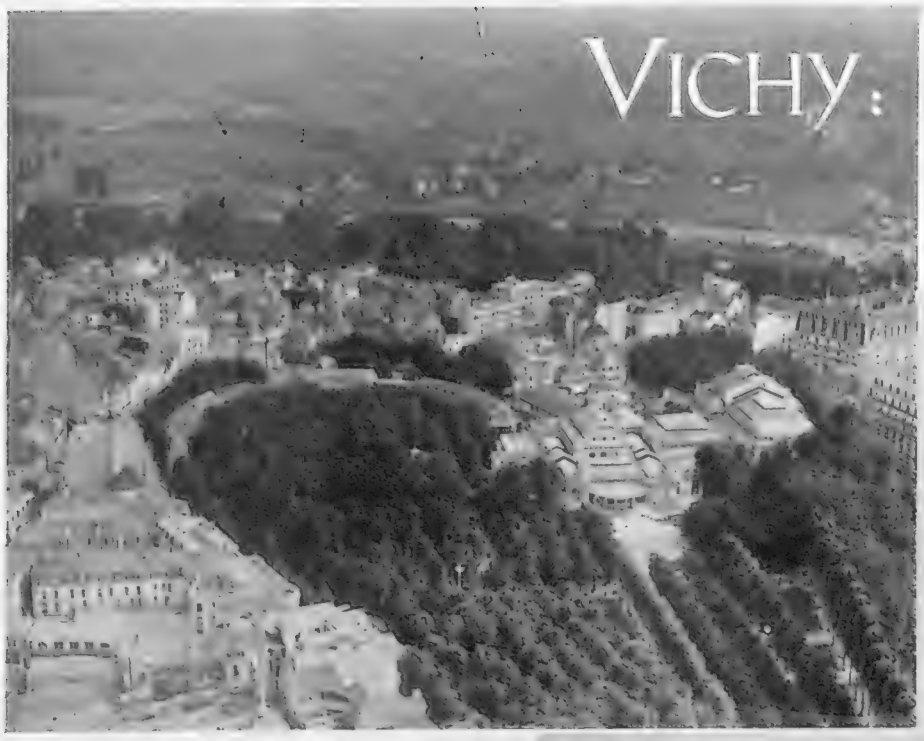
West End: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry Street, W.1 City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast

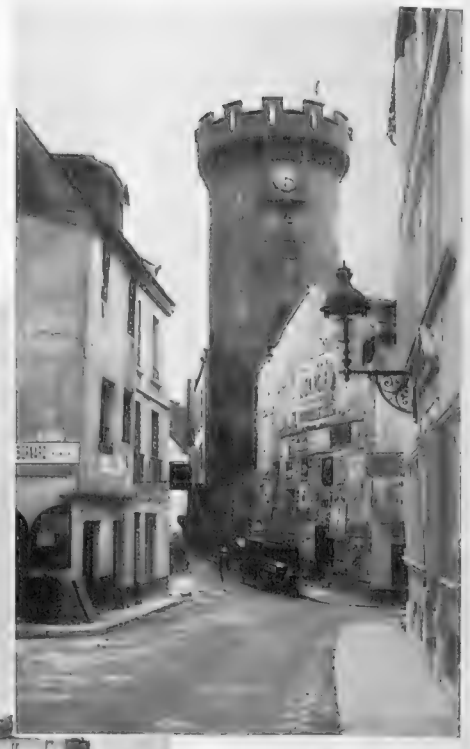
AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

P.2304

VICHY: Its Charms and Attractions



FRANCE'S PREMIER SPA: An aerial view of Vichy. The town possesses all the advantages of a first-class health resort and holiday-making centre. It was famous even in Roman times



AN INTERESTING CORNER OF OLD VICHY: The ancient tower of the Château Franc

TO VISIT VICHY is to realize its extraordinary charm. It stands on the bank of a peaceful river, in the heart of central France, amid scenery the most harmonious—green fields, orchards, and pleasant gardens, with tall poplars here and there, and a glorious background of high hills.

No one could imagine a more restful retreat, and it is surely one of the happiest thoughts of Nature to cause healing springs to abound here, and that nothing might be wanting in Vichy to attract the visitor.

And the story of the waters of Vichy, which have made its name famous throughout the world, is one which borders on the romantic, for those keen judges of a health resort, the Romans, in ages past, discovered the medicinal qualities of the springs of Vichy and built their villas there, and then, in the stormy days which witnessed the founding of the French nation, Vichy was lost sight of, to take its place again as a health centre under the ægis of the monks of the Monastery of the Celestine, founded by Louis II of Bourbon in 1411. But it was not until the latter half of the seventeenth century that Vichy began to come into its own, the result of a visit of Madame de Sévigné, who made known its virtues in her immortal letters, and won for it the patronage of Louis XIV. It was left to the last of the French Emperors, Napoleon III, to set the seal of society on Vichy by maintaining a villa there specially for his use, and from that time to the present day Vichy has gone ahead until it has become not only France's premier spa but, during a certain period of the summer, the greatest centre of fashion and society in France, outside of Paris.

The waters of Vichy are largely charged with bicarbonate of soda, but they are also chalybeate and tonic, and they contain some of the rare gases such as argon, xenon, krypton, neon, and helium. The principal springs are five in number—Chomel, Grande Grille, Hôpital, Célestins, and Lucas—and of these the most celebrated is Célestins, for it is this splendid table-water which is bottled in enormous quantities and sent to every part of the known world. For the cure at Vichy there are the pump-rooms attached to the different springs, and the thermal establishment, a magnificent building, which claims to be the largest of its kind in the world. Here you will find every form of douche and bath—mineral, mud, carbonic acid, steam, radiant heat and luminous heat, also private and public swimming-baths, an electro-radiology service, which is a model of its kind, and an institute of mecanotherapy, most thoroughly and luxuriously equipped. The baths are under State supervision, and the medical staff is of the highest order.

THE NEW (2nd CLASS) THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT: It is constructed on the latest and most scientific lines, and the very complete Hydrotherapy equipment enables visitors to take the cure under the best conditions at any period of the year

A MODEL OF ITS KIND: The First Class Thermal Establishment which, with its annexes, covers more than 30,000 square metres. Large percussion douches, under-water massage, carbonic acid baths, radiant heat, and numerous other treatments may be had here

Taking the cure at Vichy does not mean that you are cut off from normal life, for whilst it is an excellent spa, Vichy is also far more than a spa, it is a populous town, with a picturesque old quarter and a very up-to-date health resort, where the shops display the choicest of goods and the hotels are some of the finest in the world; where the facilities for sport and amusement are almost unlimited, and there are delightful parks and public gardens where one can sit in the shade and take the summer air, and charming walks. During the season you will see numbers of smartly-dressed people enjoying life thus, and the note is one of cheerfulness and gaiety. A feature, too, of Vichy, is the cosmopolitan character of its society.

Situated in the very heart of the town, but amidst beautiful gardens, and in a very commanding position, is the casino, one of the finest in Europe, where, apart from the attraction of the tables, there are grand concerts in the Salles des Fêtes, and on the fine broad terraces, symphony orchestras conducted by men famous in the world of music, and theatrical performances staged in a manner worthy of any European capital. The Casino des Fleurs is devoted to comedy, operettas, and entertainments of this nature, and the Elysée palace is the scene of revue and music-hall shows. Apart from these forms of amusement, Vichy has large and up-to-date cinemas, and all the large hotels make excellent provision for dancing.

Then as regards sport, Vichy stands in an extremely enviable position, for it has a first-class Sporting Club, of which Lord Derby is one of the Honorary Presidents, which is affiliated to the principal sports' federations in France, and which maintains an extensive racecourse where there are two meetings yearly, the summer meeting being one of the principal in France; a polo ground; a very fine 18-hole golf course, with a charming club-house and several tennis courts, on which, during the season, some of the best players in France are to be seen.

The Vichy Grand Summer Meeting this year is to be held from July 27 until August 13, and the principal events to be decided are the Vichy Grand Prix, of 300,000 francs; the Prix des Rêves d'Or, of 105,000 francs; and the Trotting Grand Prix, of 50,000 francs. The programme for golf includes a grand golf week from July 18 to 23, and play during August for the Grand Casino Cup, the Lautner and other cups, and for the Centre of France Championship. In tennis, the Perrier Cup will be competed for during July, and from August 21 to 27 there will be a France–Italy match and a Grand International Tournament.

There is much else to be done in Vichy in the realm of sport. Provision is made for bowls, fencing, rowing on the River Allier, swimming, fishing, polo, and riding, and there is a large municipal stadium, where popular games are played, athletic meetings are held, and gymnastic fêtes. Then there is an automobile club and a motor cycle club, both of which hold race meetings, and the Vichy Aero Club has an extensive aerodrome, where passenger flights are given. In fact Vichy is one of the best organized sports centres in France and, with its many other attractions and its wonderful waters, it is certainly a very inviting proposition for a summer holiday.

Edward E. Long, C.B.E.

RUS IN URBE: The lovely park on the right bank of the River Allier at Vichy

THE TENNIS COURTS OF THE SPORTING CLUB which are situated just outside the town

The Swimming Pool, with the Beach Hotel in the background.

The SUMMER SPORTING opens on July 14th, with gambling on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

COMMERCIAL ART of TO-DAY

An Interesting Exhibition of Shell and B.P. Advertisements at the New Burlington Galleries

Below — THE VALE OF AYLESBURY: A landscape by Rex Whistler

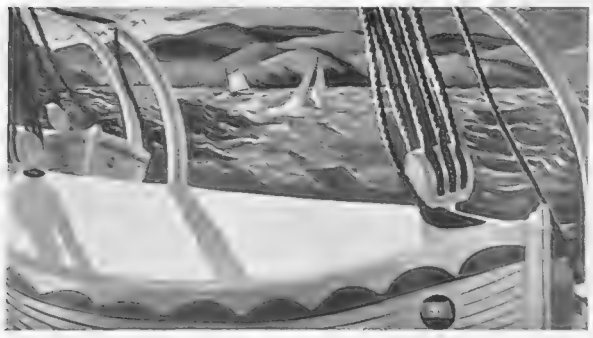
POWER IN EVERY LINE: A display which catches the eye

TOPICALITY THE KEY-NOTE: A cleverly conceived advertisement

Practitioners in advertising are saddled with more than the ordinary amount of responsibility. Their announcements appear in newspapers and on hoardings, buses and trains—in fact we encounter them almost everywhere we go. These have the power either to offend the eye or to give satisfaction to millions. Fortunately art and advertising go hand in hand these days, and more often than not the modern colour advertisement is something that not only attracts momentary attention but is well worth close inspection. In short it is a thing of beauty.

The accompanying pictures are taken from Shell-Mex and B.P. advertisements and are now being displayed in the New Burlington Galleries at an exhibition of Pictures in Advertising which was opened on Wednesday of this week Mr. Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery.

These paintings, many of which are the work of painters of considerable note, reveal the very high standard of modern day commercial art, and show what an important part the artist can play in the business life of the community.



ENTERING DOUGLAS HARBOUR: A view from an Isle of Man steamer (by Robert Bartlett)

WEST WYCOMBE: The mausoleum built by the eccentric Sir Francis Dashwood (by C. Mann)

WHERE THE TORRIDGE MEETS THE TAW: A view of Appledore, Devonshire (by Brynhild Parker)

DON'T MISS the detail!

of distant objects.

The "VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

is of the same construction as prism binoculars but has only one barrel, giving much easier focusing. Weighs only 7 ozs., is but 4 ins. in length, and easily slips in the pocket or handbag, being always at hand.

Magnification 8 diameters. Invaluable when on holiday, cruising, at regattas, race meetings, shoots, etc.

Complete in soft leather pouch for pocket or handbag.

PRICE £3-17-6

Write for full particulars.

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Visit ULSTER
NORTHERN IRELAND

A HOLIDAY WONDERLAND this Year!

Ulster's healthery mountains, verdant glens, enchanting lakeland and charming seaside towns and villages, set on a magnificent coastline caressed by the Atlantic Ocean and the Irish Sea, provide a perfect background for touring, rambling and all forms of holiday recreation.

N.B.—No Customs formalities to be encountered on entry from Great Britain.

Apply to: **The ULSTER TOURIST DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, Ltd. (Dept. A.3), 6, Royal Avenue, Belfast,** for a copy of their beautifully illustrated FREE Guide, containing full information.

EAT AND ENJOY HOME FARM DAINTIES
Hampers each containing:—1 Roasting Fowl (dressed). 1-1½ lb. Pork Pie. 1 lb. Best Pork Sausage. 2 lbs. Home Fed Ham. 11/6 each. Home Fed Hams, 14 to 28 lbs. each, 1/7 lb.
All Super quality. Quick dispatch. Carriage paid.
H. Dawson - Stearsby Hall - Brandsby - York.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp, S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarboro', England. (P.O. Box 18).

How to Dress Well
on small payments that pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.
Open a Credit Account with Smartwear.
No deposit, no References required, even from non-householders. Write for Ladies' beautifully illustrated catalogue to
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263-271 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
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Wildbad
in the Black Forest.

Germany. 1400 to 2500 feet above sea-level.
Curative Springs (93.99° F.) for hundreds of years proved beneficial for gout, rheumatism, sciatica, nerve troubles, etc. Rejuvenation; all modern curative methods. Sport. Midget Golf. Mountain Railway. Beautiful woods. Information from the "Badverwaltung" or the "Kurverein" Wildbad in the Black Forest, and all Tourist Agencies.

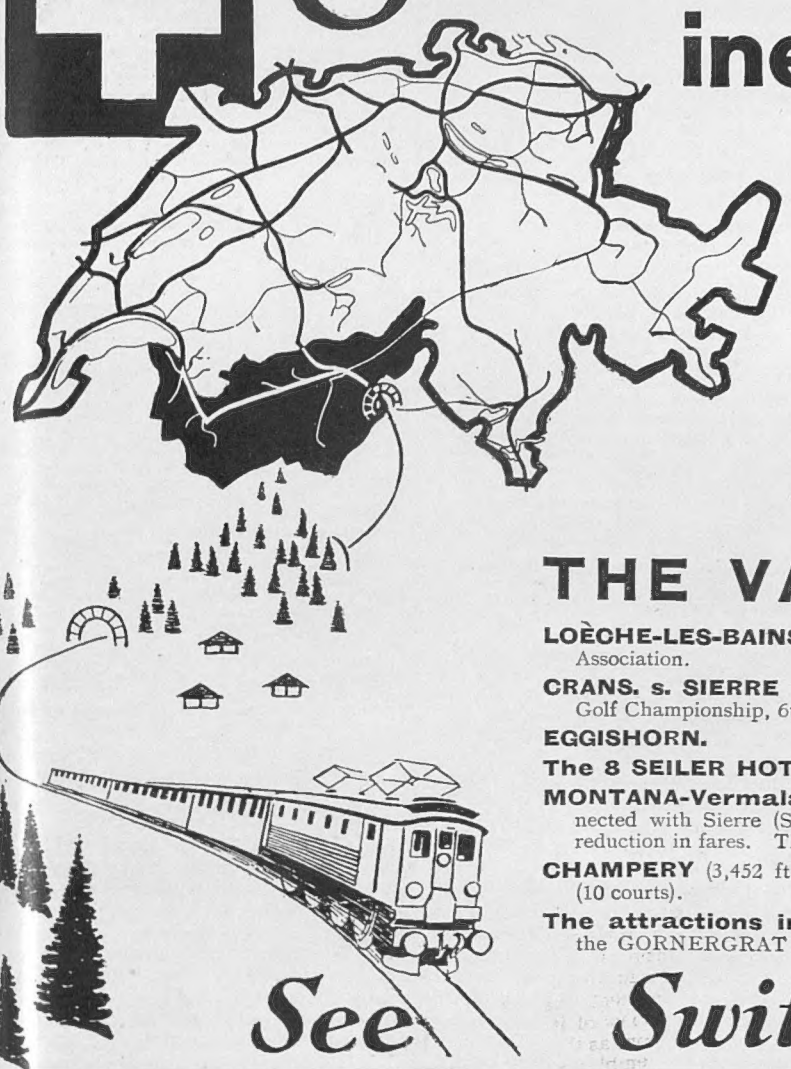
Excellent Trout Fishing

FURNISHED FLAT, LEATHERHEAD; luxurious, detached, over doctor's surgery; sitting-room, dining-room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and scullery, garage; use of large garden, linen and plate.
VACANT JUNE 21st.
Apply **Dr. Ormond, Linden House, Leatherhead**

ST. CAST Near DINARD (Motor-bus)
Through Tickets from London.
The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast.
Golf (18 holes). Tennis. Fishing. Fine Water Toboggan.
THE ROYAL BELLEVUE
Right on the Beach—50 Baths—Dancing. The favourite hotel of English Society. Early Season, £3 15 0. High Season, £4 5 0.

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Switzerland for inexpensive holidays



PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present-day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

SPECIAL REDUCTION of 30%

on their ordinary return and circular tickets, from the Swiss frontier to inland stations, **issued in Great Britain**, provided the passenger stays in Switzerland for at least seven days.

Write for particulars and descriptive literature to the

Swiss Federal Railways
11B, Regent Street, London, S.W.1
or to the principal Travel Agencies.

THE VALAIS

LOÈCHE-LES-BAINS. Alpine thermal Spa. Apply: Hotel and Thermal Springs Association.

CRANS. s. SIERRE (4,987 ft.). Finest Alpine 18-hole golf-course. International Golf Championship, 6th August, 1934. Plage. Numerous hotels.

EGGISHORN.

The 8 SEILER HOTELS offer special terms for a stay at **ZERMATT.**

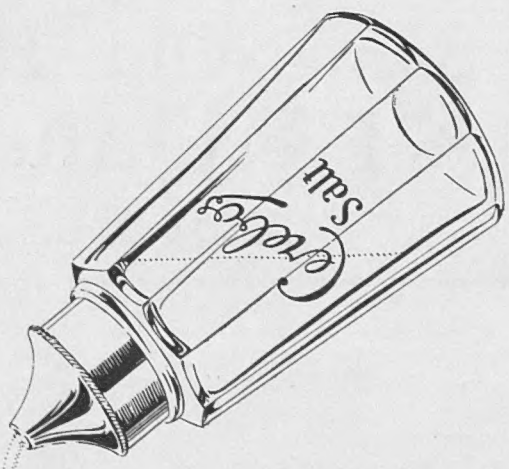
MONTANA-Vermala (5,512 ft.). Where the sun shines. Sports for health. Connected with Sierre (Simplon Line) by funicular railway, journey 30 mins. Important reduction in fares. Through tickets to Montana.

CHAMPERY (3,452 ft.). At the foot of the Dents du Midi. Swimming pool, tennis (10 courts).

The attractions include the FURKA-OBERALP, the VIÈGE-ZERMATT and the GORNERGRAT (10,148 ft.), all right in the heart of the highest Swiss Alps.

See Switzerland this year!

BY APPOINTMENT



See how it runs!

Cerebos
SALT

COME, CELEBRATE WITH US . . .

THE Duke of Gloucester will represent the King at the opening, in October, of the six months' Celebrations of the Melbourne Centenary, and, in November, at the Sydney Festival Fortnight.

Visitors will be drawn to Australia from all parts of the world to see and participate in the festivities; athletes to compete for big prizes; airmen to see the finish of the great international air-race; business men to make new contacts in a reviving market . . . and people in search of a real holiday to take advantage of the sunshine and the cheapest return fares ever offered by the shipping companies.

. . . A GREAT OCCASION

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
GRAND BLDGS., TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON. W.C.2

BUILDING A NEW ROME IN AFRICA

(Continued from p. 467)

sponge fishing and tunny fishing. The chief exports at present, I was told, are hides, skin, wool, cattle, and carpets.

If the intensive drive to develop Tripolitania is only really beginning now, it is interesting to see that between 1929 and 1933 Italy spent more than 168,500,000 lire on public works, constructing ports, roads, buildings, and on the service of hygiene.

Libya boasts several Mediterranean ports. I found Tripoli, the capital, a hive of building and construction, and in all North Africa I have never seen cleaner native quarters. In place of the all-too-frequent malodorous, garbage-strewn native streets, I encountered clean-swept roads, and particularly noticed the sufficiency of water-pumps for the use of the natives.

Road-building is going to receive a tremendous impetus under Marshal Balbo, who told me that he is a "Man of Roads," considering roads as of paramount importance in the development of a colony. He quoted the old Romans as road-builders. Roads from centre to centre all over the region, but especially a fine, tree-lined boulevard along the coast from the Egyptian border in the east to the Tunisian frontier in the west. I understood from another source that such a road for light motor traffic costs about 60,000 lire a kilometre, exclusive of the imported trees.

Marshal Balbo said to me, "If I want roads in Libya for communication and transport facilities, I want them no less to draw motoring tourists. Tourists who travel in automobiles spend money. They would automatically help me to develop the colony by financially supporting hotels, petrol-filling stations, shops, etc. They would give local employment, consume local produce, and buy Italian manufactured goods."

The Italians are working hard, spending money, and putting fine men on the job of making the best of their difficult Libyan possession. While economic necessity and need for room for expansion are the two chief factors urging Italy forward in North Africa, I could not help feeling that a great deal of inspiration and encouragement towards this colossal task of resurrecting the glory of Rome in Africa is contributed by the magnificent relics of past grandeur now coming to light at Leptis Magna and Sabratha. When fully excavated, it is claimed that the ruins of Leptis Magna will surpass Pompeii. Governor-general Balbo's personal interest in the Libyan excavations is stressed by the fact that he has been releasing from the Italian colonial army shifts of 200 Italian soldiers at a time to help Professor Giacomo Guidi, Superintendent of Monuments and Excavations, in his work, in addition to granting him the maximum financial aid possible for excavation and restoration.

It is, however, no secret that Mussolini is not satisfied with the present Italian possessions in North Africa, clamped in as they are between French Tunisia and British-guarded Egypt. Libya has no rich fertile Nile Valley, nor as yet anything to compare with the agricultural regions of Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. In a speech made by Mussolini in Rome in March, the Duce laid extraordinary stress on Italy's demand for a "place in the sun." He declared that Italy must seek economic expansion in Africa and the Near East. In the light of Italian aspirations the uneasiness of the Egyptians over the intensive Italian cultural propaganda in Egypt is comprehensible. It has long been known, too, that Mussolini would like to have a colonial readjustment that would give Italy a portion of Tunisia with its predominant Italian population.

CAPITALS WITHOUT SEASONS

(Continued from p. 470)

as good as carted here and there to give the appearance of something doing. It would be laughable if it were not pathetic. My advice to Paris is to stand down temporarily with dignity until local prices conform again to world ones, and meanwhile to learn all the time from others. Present caperings are only damaging prestige still more.

And so across to London, and it must be quick. If I started in on compliments it would be sticky. I avoid that by setting down a composite explanation of your current success as derived from several different quarters including an American, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman.

"You get away from war and depression more in London than anywhere else. That's enough in itself. But there's also, of course, the cheapness for those outside the sterling-dollar group (and even inside!). Lots of people take in London now specially to get clothes—women, too. And what nonsense about this bad table! Spending foreigners who go to London can eat there perfectly. Even the climate is sudden and amusing. And, by the way, Londoners are beginning to look upon us as foreigners, not aliens! Then there's Dora. With the constant extension of hours and private entertaining, she doesn't really intrude as much as one had heard. In fact, how London has pepped-up! Borrowed from Paris and New York and other places! Her stage is the best in Europe. London is interesting and new—you've been hiding your light under a bushel!

"But it's really the general atmosphere that most appeals these strident, vulgar, ill-disposed times. But something more besides. Somehow one feels that this unchanged London interlude may be the last of its kind, ultimate survival of manners and tradition, as the Royal round goes on. And it is set in an ensemble of smartness and kindliness, carry-on and light-heartedness to be met with nowhere else to-day. As England was first in the post-War mess, she is first out of it—anyhow, for a time. Your Mr. Baldwin said she had the right to enjoy herself. She's doing so. That's why we go there."

A BOOK LIST

CONSTABLE & CO.—TURN AGAIN. By L. E. Martin. 7s. 6d. net. DUCKWORTH & CO. THE FAIRY HILL. By Isobel Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net. SHELLEY. By Ruth Bailey ("Great Lives"). 2s. net. NEWMAN. By Sidney Dark ("Great Lives"). 2s. net. MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.—CHARACTER AND TRADITION. By the Marchioness of Londonderry. 2s. 6d. net. ROUTLEDGE.—MERCHANTS OF DEATH: A Study of the International Armament Industry. By H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.—BACH. By C. F. Abdy Williams. Illustrated. ("The Master Musicians," edited by Eric Blom). 4s. 6d. net. HAYDN. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Illustrated. ("The Master Musicians," edited by Eric Blom). 4s. 6d. net. BEETHOVEN. By Marion M. Scott. ("The Master Musicians," edited by Eric Blom). Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. BRAHMS. By Lawrence Erb. Illustrated. ("The Master Musicians," edited by Eric Blom). 4s. 6d. net. H. F. G. WITHERBY.—THROUGH DEEP DEFILES TO TIBETAN UPLANDS: The Travels of a Naturalist from the Irrawaddy to the Yangtse. By Herbert Stevens. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. KEGAN PAUL.—CHILDREN OF THE YELLOW EARTH: Studies in Prehistoric China. By J. Gunnar Anderson. Illustrated 25s. net. CHATTO & WINDUS.—ANN AND AURELIA. By Adrian Alington. 7s. 6d. net. CASSELL.—THE DARKENING GREEN. By Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. net. SUMMERS OF YESTERDAY OR MEMORIES AND WANDERINGS IN NORTHERN LANDS. By the Countess of Norbury (Fay Ellis). Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. WM. HEINEMANN, LTD.—PELICAN WALKING. By G. B. Stern. (Short Stories.) 7s. 6d. net. FABER & FABER.—TO-NIGHT THE BALLET. By Adrian Stokes. 5s. 6d. net. MUSIC AND BALLET. Recollections of M. D. Calvocoressi. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. SHEED & WARD.—MORTON'S FOLLY. By J. B. Morton. Pictures by Nicolas Bentley. 3s. 6d. net. HAMISH HAMILTON, LTD.—THE MENACE TO OUR NATIONAL DEFENCE. By Sir Norman Angell. 3s. 6d. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THIS ANIMAL IS DANGEROUS. By Reginald Campbell. 7s. 6d. net. DEATH TAKES THE STAGE. By Gavin Holt. 7s. 6d. net. STORM MUSIC. By Dornford Yates. 7s. 6d. net. HUTCHINSON & CO.—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. net. T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.—THE ONLY GENTLEMAN. By Joan Conquest. 7s. 6d. net. JOHN LONG, LTD.—FIRST PASSION. By Eliot Crawshay-Williams. 7s. 6d. net. BARNEY'S BEND. By Caroline Rowe. 7s. 6d. net. STANLEY PAUL & CO.—KNIGHTS OF THE DESERT. By W. D. Hoffman. 3s. 6d. net. TWIN-BORN. By Dolf Wyllarde. 7s. 6d net. JONATHAN CAPE.—ONCE A WILDERNESS. By Arthur Pound. 7s. 6d. net. ELKIN, MATHEWS & MARROT.—COFFEE FOR NONE. By Alfred B. Caldwell. 7s. 6d. net. LOVAT DICKSON, LTD.—CITY HARVEST. By Margaret Cheney Dawson. 7s. 6d. net. FREDERICK MULLER, LTD.—LAMB IN HIS BOSOM. By Caroline Miller. 7s. 6d. net. GERALD HOWE, LTD.—COURAGE IN GOLD. By Ian Macartney. 7s. 6d. net. JOY BEFALL THEE. By Barbara Willard. 7s. 6d. net. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.—MON REPOS. By Nicholas Bevel. Decorated by Clark Hutton. 6s. net.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The band from the Bisley Boys' School (which is under the management of the Society) recently competed in three contests in the Orchestra and Junior Band Festival at the Queen's Hall and were successful in winning three first prizes and were highly complimented by the Examiners. The Committee report that there are a few vacancies at this Home for poor boys of good character, between the ages of eight-and-a-half and twelve. Application should be made to the Office, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The universally renowned Casino of

DEAUVILLE

IN NORMANDY

THREE PALATIAL HOTELS AT PRICES THAT ARE AGREEABLE:

★ ROYAL HOTEL ★ NORMANDY HOTEL

★ HOTEL DU GOLF F. ANDRE (MANAGING DIRECTOR)

Fly in 90 Minutes

from LONDON to DEAUVILLE in multi-engined air liners. Starting JULY 12 th, until SEPT. 3 rd ★

Regular Daily Departures

● DEP.: Victoria Coach Station, 10.15 a.m. Heston, 11 a.m. ● ARR.: Deauville (St. Gatien), 12.30 p.m. ● For reservation apply to ● BANCO, Heston Airport, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 118 or ● Grosvenor House, Park Lane, LONDON

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden, mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies, setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

McC., Cork (Italy).—For a quiet holiday at the end of July we would advise you to go to Portofino Mare near Rapallo, rather than to the latter itself. The surrounding scenery is very lovely, and excursions can be made to San Fruttuoso by boat, and to Sestri Levante, Zoagli, and La Spezia by bus. At the Hotel Splendid in Portofino Mare you would obtain terms from about 12s. per day. The second-class return fare from London, via Newhaven–Dieppe, would be £10 6s. This includes the reduction being made by the Italian State Railways.

D., F.M.S. (Singapore to England via Australia and U.S.A.).—The Burns-Philip Line have a sailing from Singapore to Melbourne every two months, when second-class passengers are carried, the single fare being £35 10s. Special reduced rates are now quoted for the through fare from Australia to England, via the U.S.A. or Canada. The second-class fare is £118 10s., and this provides for cabin class accommodation on the trans-Pacific steamer, the train fare across Canada or the U.S.A., and tourist accommodation on the trans-Atlantic voyage. It does not cover the cost of meals or the sleeping berth on the trans-Continental train. About £8 should be allowed for these.

Hints for Travellers

SCARBOROUGH, THE QUEEN OF WATERING PLACES.

Scarborough's popularity and success as a seaside resort may be adequately gauged from the fact that schemes estimated to cost £300,000 have received sanction or are under consideration, for improving and adding to the town's attractions. The great tidal bathing pool on the south shore, which was the pioneer of outdoor sea-bathing pools in this country, had become out-of-date in comparison with some of the more recent constructions, and over £18,000 is being spent to transform it once again to a model pool. Scarborough's permanent residents are not being forgotten for the Town Council have included in their plans, street improvements, housing proposals, and other projects which are not ordinarily regarded as season attractions. Scarborough has always made a point of catering for each and every need of its visitors, and it is safe to say that when these new improvement are completed this popular resort will quickly gain an international reputation for health and pleasure.

COOK'S ALPINE FLORA TOURS.

It is of interest to learn that Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son have organized for the coming summer a series of Alpine Flora tours. The districts in the itinerary comprise the Bernese Oberland (Switzerland), the Tirol and Carinthia (Austria), and Dauphiny and Savoy (France). The tours will be led by Dr. Hugh Roger Smith, the hon. secretary of the Alpine Garden Society, and Mrs. Robert Lukin, and are open to the public in general. This is an excellent opportunity of getting somewhat off the beaten track in the countries referred to and seeing some of the lovely, less well-known spots not usually reached by tourists.

CORRECTION.

The E.N.I.T. Office has called our attention to the fact that their guide-book, *Summer in Italy*, which we mentioned in this column in the issue of THE SPHERE for June 16, is not for sale to the general public. Those, however, who wish to consult this very excellent guide can do so at the E.N.I.T. Office, 16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1, or at any of the principal tourist agencies. We might add that although this particular book is not for sale the Italian State Tourist Department issues free a large number of leaflets and booklets which contain much valuable information for intending visitors to Italy.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Univ. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.— Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 65 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.— Opposite Casino. First class. Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

Jersey. — Royal Yacht Hotel. — Lift all floors. H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.— Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park." —Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.— 130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4, with pension R.M. 9.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. 150 rms. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Bar Orch. Gar. Fam.-Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.— 1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.— Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.— (1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Adelboden (Bernese Oberland, 1,400 m.)— Hotel Adler & Kursaal.—Wl-kwn. for hm-lik. comf. Tenn., swmg., excrs. Trms. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—Palace Hotel.— Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva,—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water. Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.— Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**— (1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

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